

From the Christian Observer, [by T. H. Horne.]

HISTORICAL NOTICES OF PSALMODY.

SECTION I.—CHURCH OF ENGLAND PSALMODY.

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DURING the long and disastrous period emphatically termed "the dark ages," when ignorance and superstition generally prevailed in the west of Europe, the singing of the praises of God was a part of divine worship from which the people were debarred. Not only were the words which were actually sung, composed in a language unknown to the great mass of the people; but the music was so complex that no one could bear a part in it, unless they had studied it scientifically. But at the reformation from the unscriptural and anti-scriptural errors and practices of popery in the sixteenth century, the singing of psalms and hymns was revived and revindicated to the people, among the means of grace of which Christendom had been deprived by papal tyranny and usurpation: and metrical translations of the Book of Psalms were composed and printed in the several vernacular languages of Europe.

§ I. *Bishop COVERDALE'S Version of certain Psalms.*—The earliest known attempt at rendering the Psalms into English verse, for the purpose of being sung,* is that of the venerable confessor for the gospel, Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter during the reign of King Edward VI.; whose "Goostly Psalmes and Spirituall Songes drawen out of the Holy Scripture," were published, probably in 1538 and certainly before 1539; since they are inserted in a catalogue of books forbidden to be read, which is annexed to injunctions issued by Henry VIII. in 1539.† The first verse of each psalm is accompanied by musical notes, which evidently show that they were designed to be sung; and Coverdale states in his preface, that he had "set out certain comfortable songs grounded on God's word, and taken some out of the Holy Scripture, specially out of the psalms of David,"

* Mr. Wilmot Marsh has printed metrical versions of some ecclesiastical hymns, and of the twenty-third, hundredth, and hundred and twenty-third psalms, in pp. 5—10 of "Biblical Versions of Devout Hymns," (London, 1845, 8vo.) which were executed in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. These versions do not appear to have been made with the design of being sung; but they are valuable, as being specimens of the English language in those centuries.

† Remains of Myles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter, p. 533.—(Parker Society's Edition. Cambridge. 1846. 8vo.)

in order to give the "youth of England some occasion to change their foul and corrupt ballads into sweet songs and spiritual hymns of God's honor, and for their own consolation in him."* The psalms thus versified by Bishop Coverdale were 2, 11, 13, 24, 45, 50, 67, 123, 127, 129, (130 of our numeration,) 133, 136, and 147.

§ II. *The "Old Version" of the Psalms.*—The next attempt to versify the psalms in English was made by Thomas Sternhold, Groom of the Robes to King Henry VIII. and to King Edward VI., in whose name nineteen psalms were printed by Edward Whitchurch without date, but most probably in 1549, entitled "Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David and drawn into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold grome of y^e Kynges Majesties Roobes."† A second edition, containing thirty-seven "Psalmes of David drawen into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold," with seven additional psalms translated by John Hopkins, was "Imprinted at London by Edward Whitchurche anno Domini 1551." in 16mo.‡ "Four score and seven Psalmes of David in English metre by Thomas Sternhold and others," were published without date, but most probably in 1561:§ and in 1563 appeared the first complete edition of this version, entitled "The VVhole Boke of Psalmes collected into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others: conferred with the Ebrue, with apt Notes to synghe them withall. Faithfully perused and allowed according to the order appointed in the Queenes Maiesties Injunctions. . . . Imprinted at London by Iohn Day dwelling over Aldersgate benethe faint. Martins. Cum gratia et privilegio Regie Majestatis, per Septennium an. 1563." 4to.||

Of the complete version of the hundred and fifty psalms thus published, on weighing the best authorities, we may assign forty-three to Thomas Sternhold; fifty-seven to John Hopkins; twenty-five to Thomas Norton, barrister-at-law, and a coadjutor of Lord Buckhurst in the composition of the tragedy of "Gorboduc;" twelve to William Whittyngham, afterwards Dean of Durham; and as many by William Kethe,¶ both of whom were exiles during the Marian persecution; one by John

* Ibid., p. 538.

† Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*. Vol. iii., pp. 494—499.

‡ Ibid., vol. iii., p. 498. A Bibliographical Description of these thirty-seven Psalms is given in Sir S. E. Brydges' *Censura Literaria*. Vol. x., pp. 4—6.

§ *Censura Literaria*. Vol. x., pp. 6—10.

|| Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, and other books of Holy Scripture in English, in the collection of Lea Wilson, Esq., p. 231. (London. 1845.)

¶ Kethe is said to have translated twenty-five psalms, of which only twelve were retained by Hopkins in the edition of 1563, which is the basis of all subsequent editions.

Pullain, Archdeacon of Colchester,* and one (the second or supplementary version of the hundred and twenty-fifth psalm) by Robert Wisdom.

As it was no difficult task to prevail upon the people of England to prefer plain psalmody, in which they could easily join, to that intricate music which was too refined and scientific for their taste and comprehension, congregational singing gradually found its way into parish churches, although it was not recognized in the rubrics of the editions of the Book of Common Prayer; probably in consequence of the permission given by the statute 2 and 3 Edw. VI., c. i., § 7, "to use openly any psalm or prayer taken out of the Bible, at any due time, not letting or omitting thereby the service, or any part thereof."

On the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne in 1558, she found it politic to connive at, if not to permit, the practice of psalmody. One of her injunctions to the clergy, issued in 1559, (which was primarily designed "for the encouragement and continuance of the use of singing" [cathedral music] . . . "in divers collegiat as well as some parish churches" which had endowments "for the maintenance of men and children for singing in the church,") contains a saving clause in favor of "an hymn or such like song . . . in the beginning or in the end of common prayer."† Although this injunction had no legal force after the death of Queen Elizabeth, not having been renewed by any subsequent sovereign, it has generally been considered as a concession in favor of metrical psalmody. It is, however, certain, that metrical psalmody was introduced into the Church of England, either by permission or by tacit connivance; since the accurate ecclesiastical historian, Strype, states that in the month of September, 1559, "began the new morning prayer at St. Antholin's, London, the bell beginning to ring at five; when a psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion, ALL the congregation, men, women, and boys singing together."‡

"1559-60. March the 3d.—Grindal, the new Bishop of London, preached at St. Paul's Cross in his rochet and chimere; the mayor and aldermen present, and a great auditory. And after sermon a psalm was sung, (which was the common practice of the reformed churches abroad,) *wherein the people also joined their voices.*"§

"1559-60. March the 17th.—Mr. Veron, a Frenchman by birth, preached at St. Paul's Cross, before the mayor and aldermen: and after sermon,

* Pullain "supplied two psalms for some of the earlier impressions; but only one (the hundred and forty-eighth) has been suffered to stand in the general collection."—Drake's *Harp of Judah*, vol. i., pp. xiii. xiv.

† "Nevertheless, for the comforting of such as delight in musick, it may be permitted, that *in the beginning or at the end of common prayer, either at morning or evening, there may be sung a hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and musick that may be devised, having respect that the sentence of the hymn may be understood and perceived.*"—Bp. Sparrow's *Collection of Articles, Injunctions, &c.*, p. 75. London, 1671. 4to.

‡ Strype's *Annals of the Reformation*. Vol. i., p. 134. London, 1725.

§ Ibid. Vol. i., p. 193.

they sung, ALL in common, a psalm in metre, as it seems now was frequently done, the custom having been brought from abroad by the exiles."*

The following extract of a letter from Dr. Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, to Peter Martyr, dated March 5th, 1560, confirms the fact related by Strype—"Religion is now somewhat more established than it was. The people are everywhere exceedingly inclined to the better part. *The practice of joining in church music has very much conduced to this.* For as soon as they had once commenced singing in public, in only one little church in London,† immediately not only the churches in the neighborhood, but even the towns far distant, began to vie with each other in the same practice. You may now sometimes see at Paul's Cross, after the service, six thousand persons old and young of both sexes, ALL singing together and praising God."‡

The version of the psalms by Sternhold and his associates, which had thus been introduced by the royal allowance, was further sanctioned by the convocation of the clergy of the Church of England, at their second session, held Jan. 13, 1562-63, in the Cathedral of St. Paul, before Archbishop Grindal and other bishops; when the hymn, "*Veni Creator*," and the psalm "*Beatus Vir*," were sung.§ As no prose translation of that hymn is extant in English, the hymn sung in that convocation must have been the metrical version of it, which is found in the "Form of ordering Priests in the first and second liturgies of King Edward VI."|| And the psalm must have been the first metrical psalm in Sternhold's version, to which the words "*Beatus Vir*" are prefixed in the Latin Vulgate; as they had long before been prefixed to the same psalm in the old prose English translation which is still retained in the Book of Common Prayer.

Although several metrical versions of the Psalms were published with the royal license in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,¶ the "Old Ver-

* Ibid. Vol. i., p. 200.

† St. Antholin's, Watling Street.—T. H. H.

‡ "The Zurich Letters, comprising the correspondence of several English Bishops, and others, with some of the Helvetian Reformers." p. 71.—(Parker Society's Ed. Cambridge, 1842. 8vo.)

§ "Decantata fuit per ministros ecclesiæ Letania in sermone vulgari (juxta morem et ritum in libro nuncupato, *The Book of Common Prayer*, &c., descriptum:) quâ finitâ, ac Hymno *Veni Creator*, &c., per ministros ejusdem ecclesiæ solemnius decantato, magister Wilhelmus Daye S. T. B. &c., suggestum in medio chori positum ingressus fuit, ac ibidem concionem Latinam, stilo venusto, ad patres et clerum presentes habuit. Finitâ vero concione, ac Psalmo primo (*Beatus Vir*, &c.) in sermone vulgari decantato, celebrata fuit sacra communio." Extract from the Acts of the Convocation held in 1562, printed in the Appendix to [Mr., afterwards Bishop, Gibson's] "*Synodus Anglicana; or, the Constitution and Proceedings of an English Convocation*, pp. 194, 195." (London, 1702. 8vo.)

¶ That appendix, among other documents, contains the proceedings of the Convocation held in 1562, copied from the original manuscript registers.

|| "The Two Liturgies, A. D. 1549, and A. D. 1552, with other documents set forth by authority in the reign of King Edward VI." pp. 172-174, and 342, 343.—(Parker Society's Edition. Cambridge, 1844. 8vo.)

¶ The metrical versions referred to are these:—1. Of Archbishop Parker, published anonymously about the

sion" continued to be used in churches until after the restoration; notwithstanding the efforts made during the rebellion, to recommend the introduction and adoption of the metrical versions published by William Barton and Francis Rous; and also of Barton's revision of Rous' version made under the authority of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. (See a notice of these versions in p. 296, *infra*.) The best proof, indeed, of the popularity of the "Old Version" among the English nation, is to be found in the fact, that upwards of *thirty* editions of it are known to have been published between the years 1601 and 1650.*

§ III. *The "NEW VERSION" of the Psalms.*—The "Old Version" of the Psalms fell gradually into disuse after the publication of "A New Version of the Psalms of David, fitted to the Tunes used in Churches. By Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. London, 1696," in duodecimo. It was preceded by a specimen, "printed for the Company of Stationers" in 1695, also in duodecimo, and entitled "An Essay of a New Version of the Psalms of David, consisting of the first Twenty; fitted to the Tunes used in Churches." This "new version" was introduced to the public under the sanction of an order in privy council, by King William III., dated December 3, 1696; which has been printed at length in all succeeding editions, though it has had no legal authority whatever since his decease; and by which his majesty ordered, "that the said new version of the psalms into English metre be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be, used in all such churches, chapels, and congregations, as shall think fit to receive the same."

Although a "second edition, corrected," was printed in 1698, the New Version encountered much severe and (it must now be admitted) not unmerited animadversion: in consequence of which there was published in the same year, "A Breif [brief] and Full Account of Mr. Tate and Mr. Brady's New Version of the Psalms. By a True Son of the Church of England." This (now very rare) tract contains an account of the origin and progress of their work, from which the following particulars are selected.

Though the design of undertaking a new version originated with Messieurs Tate and Brady, who proposed it "between themselves," . . .

year 1560;—2. Of Henry Dod, 1603;—3. Of George Wither, 1623;—4. Of King James I., 1631;—and 5. Of George Sandys, 1636. Interesting critical notices of these versions are given by Dr. Drake, in the Introduction to his elegant selection of Versions of the Book of Psalms, entitled "The Harp of Judah, or the Songs of Sion . . . including the choicest Paraphrases, Imitations, and Poetical Illustrations of the Psalms of David;" (London, 1837, 2 vols. 8vo.); and also by Mr. Holland, in his valuable and accurate work, entitled "The Psalmists of Britain. Records, biographical and literary, of upwards of one hundred and fifty authors, who have rendered the whole or parts of the Book of Psalms into English Verse, with specimens of the different versions." (London, 1843. 2 vols. 8vo.)

* Mr. Lea Wilson has enumerated, and concisely described in chronological order, more than thirty editions, printed between 1601 and 1650, in his catalogue of Bibles, Testaments, &c., in his possession.

"in a little time it was communicated, and as speedily receiv'd and nourish'd by persons of the highest rank and principal authority in the nation in the Church and State."* . . . "When the work was finished, and had passed the censure of his Grace the Archbishop," [Dr. Tillotson,] "and several more of his brethren the Rt. Rev. Prelates, a petition was presented to his Majesty" [William III.] "in council, for allowing the liberty of a public reception of it in all churches, chappels, and congregations;" which petition was accordingly granted.† That no caution might be omitted for bringing this work to maturity and perfection, the translators "invite all their friends, both in city and country, to supervise and correct what was amiss."‡ "After it had thus been corrected by the Bishops, and the Translators' friends," and had "gain'd a publick approbation by his Majesty's Royal Indulgence,"§ it was adopted first in the churches of London and its vicinity, principally through the recommendation of Bishop Compton:|| and subsequently it was gradually received throughout England, in consequence of the further recommendations of it by the Archbishop of York, and other bishops.¶

One of the most strenuous antagonists of the "New Version of the Psalms of David" was Dr. William Beveridge, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, whose "Defence of the Book of Psalms, collected into English Metre by Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others, with critical observations on the late New Version compared with the Old," appears from internal evidence to have been written between the years 1698 and 1700: though it was not published until the year 1710, nearly if not quite, three years after Bishop Beveridge's decease.** This tract, however, seems to have produced but little permanent effect, as the "New Version" in no long time was generally adopted in consequence of the royal and episcopal sanctions which it had received.

"The pervading defect" of this version "is that of tameness and monotony of execution, though there are a few beautiful exceptions to this censure;"†† and the fifteenth psalm, the first four verses of the twenty-third, the twenty-fourth, the thirty-fourth, ninety-third, hundredth, (perhaps,) hundred and first, hundred and eighth psalms, verses 69, 72, 168—175 of the hundred and nineteenth psalm, the hundred and twenty-

* "Breif and Full Account," &c., p. 4.

† Ibid., p. 6.

‡ Ibid., p. 7.

§ Ibid., p. 9.

|| Bishop Compton's recommendation of the New Version is dated May 23rd, 1698, in which he thus expressed himself:—"I find it a work done with so much judgement and ingenuity, that I am persuaded it may take off that unhappy objection that has hitherto lain against the singing psalms, and dispose that part of divine service to much more devotion. And I do heartily recommend the use of this version to all my brethren within my diocese."—Extract from Bishop Compton's Recommendation prefixed to the folio edition of the New Version, printed at the Pitt Press of the University of Cambridge in 1843.

¶ "Breif and Full Account," &c., p. 13.

** Bishop Beveridge's "Defence" of the Old Version is printed in the first volume of his collected works. pp. 611—652. London, 1824. 8vo.

†† Dr. Drake's Harp of Judah. Vol. i., p. xxix.

fifth, hundred and thirty-ninth, (perhaps,) and the hundred and fiftieth psalms, may be indicated as favorable specimens, combining accuracy of rendering with the true spirit of sacred poetry.*

In no long time after the publication of the "New Version of the Psalms," it was found necessary to have a supplement, "containing the usual Hymns, Creed, Lord's Prayer, &c., with the Church Tunes." Accordingly, Messrs. Tate and Brady in 1703 petitioned Queen Anne for "her majesty's allowance of the said Supplement;" whereupon "her majesty, taking the same into her royal consideration," on the 30th of July, 1703, was "pleased to order in council that the said supplement to the said New Version of the Psalms be, and the same is hereby allowed and permitted to be, used in all such churches, chapels, and congregations as shall think fit to receive the same."†

The "Supplement" thus "allowed and permitted," was published accordingly; and a selection of hymns taken from it has received the highest ecclesiastical sanction; having been published for considerably more than a century by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, of whose committees all the English bishops are *ex officio* members.‡

The "New Version" of Tate and Brady is now used in most of the churches in England and in Ireland, as well as in the chapels of the Episcopal communion in Scotland, and in the British colonies.§ It has also been adopted by the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.

As the order in council of King William III., recommending the use of the "New Version" by such congregations as should think fit to receive

it, was legally in force only during his reign, the subsequent continued use of it, to the present time, may be accounted for by the two following facts, viz.:

1. The New Version is intelligible throughout.

Some portions of it (as already stated) are executed with great felicity, though others are tame, and much inferior to parts of the "Old Version" executed by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others: the style of which last has now become so obsolete, as to be no longer tolerated as a whole. Yet every one who *candidly* examines that version will allow that its "diction has not unfrequently a liquid sweetness and generally a force and grandeur, the effect of which is much increased by its simplicity."*

2. Almost ever since its first publication, the New Version has been (as indeed it still is) bound up with nearly every edition of the Book of Common Prayer, in consequence of its having become the property of the Stationers' Company, by whom—until of late years—it has almost exclusively been published.

By a very long deed, dated December 3d, 1696, (a copious abstract of which is printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for the year 1822,†) Messrs. Tate and Brady "entered into partnership with the Stationers' Company for printing the New Version of the Psalms; the copyright being 'divided into three great allotments of eighty shares each,' and the articles of agreement giving the option of the purchase to one of the three parties." The property has long been in the hands of the Stationers' Company.‡

§ IV. *Modern Introduction of HYMNS into the Church of England.*—Highly valuable as the compositions of the sweet Psalmist of Israel confessedly are, as supplying the most considerable as well as most important materials for sacred and ecclesiastical music, and answering purposes which no uninspired compositions can answer; yet it has been long and generally acknowledged that, to a Christian congregation, something is yet wanting in this department of public worship, which (as the present Bishop of Durham§ has truly observed) "in addition to the holy effusions of the Old Testament, may convey that clearer view of God's dispensations, those astonishing hopes and consoling promises, which are supplied by the inspired penmen of the New. For, although, in sublime descriptions of the Almighty, in earnestness of supplication, and in warmth of adoration, the royal psalmist must ever stand unrivalled; yet his knowledge of divine things was necessarily incomplete, because the 'day-spring' had not yet dawned from on high. (Luke i. 78.) Even under the influence of prophetic inspiration, David saw but as *through a glass, darkly*, the saving truths of

* Rev. R. Kennedy's *Thoughts on the Music and Words of Psalmody*, p. 65.

† Gent. Mag. Vol. xcii. Part ii., p. 414.

‡ Holland's *Psalmists of Britain*. Vol. ii., p. 104.

§ The Rt. Rev. Dr. Malby, pp. ix. x. of the Preface to a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, published while Dr. M. was vicar of Buckden.

* Although the version of Tate and Brady, being designed for the use of members of the Church of England, was not adopted by the dissenters of that day, it may gratify the reader to peruse the following incidental testimony to its value by the learned and pious Matthew Henry. In a postscript to the preface of the third edition of his "Family Hymns gathered mostly out of the Translations of David's Psalms," [by Bishop King, Mr. Barton, Mr. Smith, Dr. Ford, Dr. John Patrick, and Mr. Baxter,] he says:—"I thought it might be acceptable to make large additions, in which I must own myself to have borrowed some lines from the *excellent version* of the psalms done by Mr. Tate, which was not published when this collection was first made."—M. Henry's *Miscellaneous Works*, p. 706. London, 1830. 8vo.

† Bp. Mant's "History of the Church of Ireland from the revolution to the union of the Churches of England and Ireland in 1801," pp. 260, 261; where the whole of the above cited order in council is printed from the minute-books of the Privy Council.

‡ The "Hymns taken from the Supplement to Tate and Brady's Psalms," form No. 43 of the Religious Tracts dispersed by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

§ In 1831 was published at Barbados in 18mo, "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns from the Authorized Metrical Versions of the Psalms of David, and from the Hymns annexed to the Book of Common Prayer, with appropriate Tunes. Recommended [it is presumed by the Rt. Rev. Dr. W. H. Coleridge, at that time Bishop of Barbados] for the use of the Cathedral and other churches and chapels in the Diocese of Barbados and the Leeward Islands." Among the hymns in this selection, are Bishop Ken's well-known evening hymn, and the beautiful and devotional hymn on the Lord's Supper—"My God! and is thy table spread, &c.," composed by the learned and pious Dr. Doddridge.

redemption and salvation. These truths, therefore, taught as they were by our Lord and his apostles, and illustrated by the great transactions of his life and death, may surely form, in a Christian congregation, as fit subjects for devotional melodies, as the events of Jewish history, and the precepts of the Mosaic law suggested to the Holy Psalmist."

The want of a Collection of Psalms and Hymns, made on this principle, seems to have been felt in the middle and latter part of the eighteenth century, when selections appear to have been first made. One of the earliest, which the writer of these pages has seen, was published at York in 1774. Other selections were introduced about the same time, or perhaps a little earlier, into the chapels of the Magdalen, Foundling, and Lock Hospitals, and of other benevolent institutions in the metropolis: and within the last fifty or sixty years, during which increased attention has been given to the improvement of church psalmody, very numerous collections and selections have been published, which are now used in various churches and chapels throughout England.

The sources, from which most of these selections are derived, are the "Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament," and the "Hymns" composed by the Rev. Dr. Watts, published respectively in 1707 and 1719; the Hymns of the Rev. Dr. Doddridge; the Hymns published at various times by the Rev. Messieurs John and Charles Wesley; the Olney Hymns, composed by William Cowper and the Rev. John Newton; and the sacred compositions dispersed through the works of the British poets of the eighteenth century and of the present time.

Of the very numerous collections and selections of psalms and hymns, now extant, it were injudicious to specify any as possessing more than ordinary claims to preference: but the fact may be stated, as showing how much the want of some such selections has been felt, that two collections of psalms and hymns have been published by clergymen who have since been raised to the episcopate, viz., 1. By the Rev. Dr. Maltby, (successively bishop of Chichester and Durham,) while he was vicar of Buckden, in conjunction with the Rev. Messieurs R. Tillard, and J. S. Banks, whose collection was published under the sanction of their diocesan, Bishop Tomline (of Lincoln); and 2. By the Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, M. A. (now D. D. and Bishop of Oxford,) while he was rector of Brightstone in the Isle of Wight.

In 1835 the necessity of having some authorized and uniform collection of psalms and hymns for the use of members of the Church of England, was brought before the committee of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge. Accordingly, a collection was prepared by a sub-committee, and printed. It consisted of one hundred and fifty psalms, or portions of psalms, and one hundred and sixty-one hymns: but some impediment arose, so that it was never published.*

* From private information.

§ V. *Metrical Versions of the Psalms in the WELSH, MANX, IRISH, MOHAWK, and MUNCEY Languages.*

A WELSH version of the psalms, by William Myddleton, a celebrated bard and navigator, was printed at London by Simon Stafford and Thomas Salisbury in 1603, 4to;* and another version was made by a celebrated Welsh poet, the Rev. Edmund Prys, archdeacon of Merioneth, about the commencement of the seventeenth century. This version was subsequently revised by the Rev. Peter Williams, and is now in use throughout the principality of Wales.†

A metrical version of twenty-eight psalms into the MANX language was executed in 1761 by the Rev. Robert Radcliffe and the Rev. Matthias Curygey,‡ two clergymen of the Isle of Man. A translation of the Book of Psalms in the Erse or native IRISH language, made by the Rev. Dr. M'Leod, Mr. Thaddeus Connellan, the Rev. H. H. Beamish, M. A., and Mr. David Murphy, was published at London in 1836.§

In the edition of the American Indian (or Mohawk) version of the Book of Common Prayer, printed at London in 1787, at the expense of the British government, for the use of the Christian Indian tribes, the following portions of the psalms are translated into the MOHAWK language, viz., the twenty-third, sixty-seventh, hundredth, hundred and seventeenth, and the hundred and thirty-fourth psalms, with Gloria Patri, the hymn *Veni Creator*, and two hymns on Baptism and the Lord's Supper: and in 1839, "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns for the use of the Six Indian Nations," was printed at Hamilton, in the Diocese of Toronto, "at the expense of the New England Corporation," as the society for supporting missions to those nations is now termed. It contains the psalms just enumerated in English and Mohawk, and eighty-one hymns; sixty-eight of which are in Mohawk and English, and consist of those most generally approved in this country. The remaining thirteen hymns are in Mohawk only. Among them is Bishop Ken's admirable Evening Hymn, rendered into Mohawk verse, in words of one syllable; which the devoted clerical missionary to the Mohawks, the Rev. Abraham Nelles, in 1844, informed the writer of these "Historical Notices," is sung to Tallis' well known tune, to which the Mohawk verse is eminently adapted. As this "Collection of Psalms and Hymns, for the use of the Six Indian Nations," is by no means a common Book in England, the following stanza in English and Mohawk will perhaps gratify the reader.

Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

* Wood's Athen. Oxon., vol. 1., col. 648, 9, ed. Bliss. Ames' Typographical Antiquities, p. 435, first edition.

† Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. 1, p. 63.

‡ Ibid., p. 67.

§ Ibid., p. 65.

Age Ni yoh wa go men ton,
 Ken wa son dah de a give gon ;
 Ni yo men dont ji tyoh swat he
 O me ta gwa te we yen ton.

In 1647 the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, printed in the language of the Munceys, (a tribe of North American Indians,) the twenty-third, thirty-second, thirty-fourth, forty-second, fifty-first, sixty-seventh, and hundredth psalms, with a "Gloria Patri," at the end of the Muncey version of "The Morning and Evening Prayers, the Administration of the Sacraments, and other Rites and Ceremonies of the Church." The psalms are followed by sixty-eight hymns also in the language of the Munceys, all which are translated by the Rev. Richard Flood, missionary to that tribe from the venerable Society for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The first verse of the hundredth Psalm is annexed, as a specimen of the language.

"La Kitch yoon tah leh au Keeng waim,
 Kau kain aum aun Pah tum o waus :
 W' la lin dah mo weh nach koo maun,
 Naik mah a loo qua peit tah leh."

SECTION II.—PSALMODY OF THE PROTESTANT DIS- SENTERS FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Of the state of psalmody among the Puritans, at the close of the sixteenth century, and in the former part of the seventeenth century, we have no certain information. Various metrical translations, indeed, were published by private individuals, accounts of which, interspersed with specimens, may be seen in Mr. Holland's "Psalmists of Britain," above cited. In 1644 appeared "The Book of Psalms in Metre, close and appropriate to the Hebrew, smooth and pleasant for the metre, plain and easy for the Tunes, by W. B.," that is, William Barton. This version became exceedingly popular among the Puritans, and was reprinted in 1645, with the license of Oliver Cromwell as Protector. The author's name was then printed at length. A third edition was printed in 1654; and Barton's version appears to have retained its popularity for many years; since an edition was published in 1705, with a notice that it appeared—"as he left it finished in his life-time."*

In 1646 another metrical version of the Psalms was published (but without his name) by Francis Rous, the Presbyterian Provost of Eton College, with the following imprimatur of the House of Commons, facing the title-page:—"Die Veneris, 1645. It is this day ordered by the commons assembled in parliament, that this Book of Psalms, set forth by Mr. Rous and perused by the Assembly of Divines, be forthwith printed: And that it be referred to Mr. Rous to take care for the printing thereof; and that none do presume to print it, but such as shall be authorized by him. H. Elsing, Cler. Parl. Dom. Com." Each psalm is accom-

panied with the prose translation from the English Bible at that time and now in use. This version, it seems, had been printed in 1641. In 1643, the Assembly of Divines, then sitting at Westminster, having been desired by the House of Commons to consider the subject of Psalmody, caused Rous' version to be "carefully perused;" and after several amendments, they sent it to the House of Commons in 1645, with their approval; humbly conceiving that it "may be useful and profitable to the church, if permitted to be sung."* Rous' version was further revised by William Barton, for the optional use of churches in England: "but neither the Assembly of Divines, nor the care of Barton, nor the license of Cromwell, could wean the people from their attachment to the Old Version, or bid the press discontinue the publication of it."†

Notwithstanding the efforts made during the rebellion to ensure or enforce one uniform system of psalmody, objections were made to the singing of psalms in public worship; and many doubts and scruples respecting its propriety appear to have prevailed among the Puritans about the middle of the seventeenth century. Psalmody, however, was strenuously vindicated and defended by "T. F., minister of the gospel in Exon," as an integral part of public worship, in a duodecimo volume published at London in 1651, containing five "Sermons upon Ephesians, v. 19," entitled "Singing of Psalms the Duty of Christians under the New Testament; or a Vindication of that Gospel ordinance. . . . Wherein are asserted and cleared, 1. That, 2. What, 3. How, 4. Why, we must sing." In the preface "to the reader," (signature A. 3.) he states that his sermons are more especially directed to three sorts of persons; "First, such as deny singing of David's Psalms to be a duty;—Secondly, such as neglect that duty very much, especially in private;—Thirdly, such as do it both in publique and in private, yet know not how to carry themselves in it as becometh Christians."

The third edition of Dr. Francis Roberts' "Clavis Bibliorum, or Key of the Bible," published in 1665, contains a metrical version of the whole Book of Psalms from the Hebrew; which, indeed, claims the merit of fidelity, but which is clothed in the most homely garb of English verse, that can well be conceived. To this portion of his work he prefixed a prolix and labored vindication of psalmody as an essential part of divine worship, in four theses, in which he shows, 1. That "singing of psalmes with voice is an ordinance of Christ and a duty of Christians, now under the New Testament;"—2. That "the subject-matter of Christians singing now under the New Testament should peculiarly be the Scripture-Psalms, Hymnes, and Spiritual Songs;"—3. That "Christians are so to sing Scripture-Psalms, Hymnes, and Spiritual Songs, as therein to speak to one another to mutual profit and edification;"—and 4. That "in

* Todd's "Observations on the Metrical Versions of the Psalms made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others," p. 73. Holland's "Psalmists of Brit." ii. 19.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain. Vol. ii. pp. 31, 32.

† Todd's Observations. p. 79.

singing of Scripture-Psalms, &c., Christians should be chiefly careful to make melody in their hearts unto the Lord." In the course of these theses Dr. Roberts considers and answers various objections of the opponents of psalmody; and offers satisfactory "Resolutions of certain cases of conscience, or practical doubts about singing Scripture-Psalms."

In 1673 Mr. Baxter published his "Christian Directory, or a Sum of Practical Theology and Cases of Conscience," in one large volume folio. In Part III., Question 125, he considers the subject of psalmody, and determines that psalms may be "used as prayers, and praises, and thanksgivings;" assigning as his reason for entering into the discussion, that he had "oft been troubled with them that (having no other shift to deny the lawfulness of written and set forms of prayer) do affirm, that psalms are neither to be read or sung at all as prayers, but only as doctrinal scriptures for instruction."*

In the year 1679, Dr. John Patrick, preacher to the Charterhouse, London, published "a century of select psalms," and in 1715 a version of the entire Book of Psalms; which was afterwards reprinted, and was in use among some congregations of Protestant dissenters, principally (it would seem) of the Presbyterian and Independent denominations, for the Baptists were much divided in opinion, on the subject of psalmody. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, a curious controversy arose among the Baptists—Whether singing in public worship had been partially discontinued during the times of persecution to avoid informers, or whether the miserable manner in which it was performed, gave persons a distaste towards it. In this controversy Mr. Benjamin Keach took an active part. In 1691 he published a tract entitled "The Breach repaired in God's worship: or, Psalms, Hymns, &c., proved to be a holy ordinance of Jesus Christ." To us it may appear strange that such a point should be disputed. But Mr. Keach was obliged to "labor earnestly and with great prudence and caution, to obtain the consent of his people to sing a hymn at the conclusion of the Lord's Supper. After six years they agreed to sing on thanksgiving days; but it required fourteen years more, before he could persuade them to sing every Lord's day: and then it was only after the last prayer, that those who chose might withdraw without joining in it. Nor did even this satisfy those scrupulous consciences; for, after all, a separation took place, and the inharmonious seceders formed a new church in May's" (Maze) "Pond," (Southwark,) "where it was above twenty years longer before singing the praises of God could be endured."†

In 1708 were published at London "Practical Discourses on the Duty of Singing in the Worship of God, preached at the Friday Evening Lecture

in Little Eastcheap." From the preface to this volume we learn that, "the duty of singing in the public worship of God having been very much neglected and unskilfully performed among us," [that is, the dissenters,] "some attempts have been set on foot to teach the art and encourage the practice." With this design the "Eastcheap Lectures," as they are commonly termed, were composed and delivered, but with what success it is not now known. They treat on the nature and duty of singing, with arguments for it, answers to objections, and directions for performing it aright. Many judicious and pious observations are dispersed through these lectures.

But the greatest improvement of psalmody among dissenters, (and indeed of all modern psalmody,) was effected by the publication, in the year 1707, of Dr. Watts' Hymns, and in 1719 of his "Psalms of David imitated in the language of the New Testament, and applied to the Christian State and Worship." The best compositions of Watts, and of his friend, the learned and pious Dr. Doddridge, (whose hymns were published after his decease in 1751,) are found in every selection of psalms and hymns, which has been published within the last sixty years, whether for the use of the Church of England or of dissenters from her communion. In the course of the present century many exquisite pieces of sacred and devotional poetry have been composed by dissenters, which are deservedly found in various collections and selections printed for use in public worship.

All the great bodies of dissenters now have denominational Hymn-Books, containing the best versions, or imitations, of the Psalms of David, together with hymns selected from our most eminent devotional poets.

SECTION IV.—PSALMODY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

"In Scotland, as elsewhere, the first publication of the Book of Psalms in the vulgar tongue appears to have preceded that of the whole Scriptures. It is certain that, before the year 1546, a number of the Psalms was translated into metre; for George Wishart" [the martyr] "sang one of them in the house of Ormiston, on the night in which he was apprehended."*

The Old Version of Sternhold, Hopkins, and their associates, was early introduced into the public worship of the Kirk of Scotland. Mr. Lea Wilson has bibliographical Notices, in chronological order, of not fewer than fifteen editions printed at Middleburgh and Dort, in Holland, and at Edinburgh and Aberdeen, in Scotland, between the years 1594 and 1640.†

The Presbyterian Church of Scotland has uniformly evinced a remarkably strong indisposition to innovate in the matter of psalmody. This indisposition was most decidedly manifested in 1632,

* Baxter's Practical Works, vol. v., p. 497, 8vo. edit.

† Crosby's History of English Baptists, vol. iv., pp. 298–301. T. Williams' Dictionary of all Religions, p. 248. London, 1823.

* M'Crie's Life of Knox, vol. i., p. 364.

† Bibles, Testaments, Psalms, and other Books of Holy Scripture in English, in the collection of Lea Wilson, Esq., pp. 238, 240, 241 and following.

when an attempt was made to supersede the Old English Version of the psalms, which had been in use since 1564, by that of King James I. But while the Scottish divines withstood the introduction of the king's version, they appear at the same time to have taken measures for obtaining a version of which they could entirely approve.* At length, after much deliberation and revision between the years 1647 and 1649, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in August, 1649, referred the whole matter to a commission; who on the 23d of November following issued their decision in favor of the revised version of Francis Rous, (noticed in p. 294,) which was adopted in the main, and authorized the same to be the only paraphrase of the psalms to be sung in the Kirk of Scotland.†

In process of time, however, it was the general sentiment of devout persons, that it would be of advantage to enlarge the psalmody of that church, by joining with the Psalms of David some other passages of Holy Scripture, both from the Old and New Testament. Accordingly, a committee was appointed, in consequence of an act of the General Assembly of the kirk, to prepare some paraphrases of sacred writ, in verse: and a collection of such paraphrases was published in 1745, which for thirty years was used in several churches. At length, in 1775, it having been represented to the General Assembly, that it was proper that this collection should be revised and some additions should be made to it, a committee was appointed with instructions to receive and consider corrections or additional materials, which might be laid before them. By that committee a collection, comprising sixty-seven paraphrases of various portions of the Old Testament and five hymns, was published in 1781 under the authority of an act of the General Assembly, dated 1st June, 1781, sess. 8. All the translations and paraphrases, which had been published in 1745, are in substance retained, after a careful revision, and with numerous alterations and improvements: and a considerable number of new paraphrases was added, the whole being arranged in the order in which the several passages of Scripture occur in the Bible.‡ Doctors Watts, Doddridge, and Blacklock, and Mr. Logan, are the authors from whom these paraphrases have chiefly been taken.

In 1781 the psalmody of the Church of Scotland was translated into Gaelic by the Rev. John Smith, by whom it was revised and published in 1783.§ Competent judges have pronounced that this version is faithfully and beautifully executed.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. i., p. 57.

† Ibid., pp. 58—60.

‡ Advertisement to "Translations and Paraphrases, in verse, of several passages of Scripture, collected and prepared by a Committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, in order to be sung in churches. Edinburgh: printed by J. Dickson, printer to the Church of Scotland, 1787." 12mo.

§ Holland's Psal. of Brit., vol. i., p. 63.

SECTION IV.—PSALMODY IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

§ I. *Psalmody of the Congregationalists or Independents, and of the Presbyterians.*

The United States of America, especially those which are commonly termed the "New England States," were colonized principally by nonconformists, who probably used the Old Version of Sternhold and his associates. In 1636 a committee of ministers of the Congregational or Independent churches was appointed; who in 1640 completed from the Hebrew a metrical version of the psalms, which was subsequently referred for improvement to the Rev. Henry Dunstar, Principal of Harvard College, Massachusetts; who was aided—as to the poetry—by Mr. Richard Lyon, an English gentleman at that time resident in Harvard College. Between the years 1755 and 1757 this translation received a very careful revision from the Rev. Thomas Prince, M. A., rector of the South Church, Boston; whose revised edition was published in October, 1758, and was introduced into the South Church on the Sunday after his funeral.*

In 1718 Dr. Cotton Mather published at Boston, Massachusetts, "*Psalterium Americanum*: the Book of Psalms in a translation exactly conformed unto the Original; But all in Blank Verse, fitted unto the tunes commonly used in our Churches. Which pure offering is accompanied with illustrations digging for hidden treasures in it; and Rules to employ it according to the glorious and various intentions of it. Whereto are added some portions of the Sacred Scriptures, to enrich the Cantional. Boston, in N. E. . . . 1718." 12mo.

In this singular publication, (which is a close translation from the Hebrew,) Dr. Mather has not only disregarded the modern practice of breaking the lines, whether rhymed or not; but he has "run out" (to use a printer's phrase) the whole matter; so that while each psalm looks exactly like *prose*, and may be read as such, it is in fact, modulated so that it may be sung as *lyric verse*. For the latter purpose the syllabic quantities, which (it must be confessed) the reader will not always recognize, are marked by parallels;—Baxter's expedient for lengthening the common measure of a verse, to suit a different tune by the addition of a word or two in a *different* character.† In an "Admonition concerning the Tunes," Dr. Mather states that "The Director of the psalmody need only say—sing with the BLACK LETTER, or, sing without the BLACK LETTER, and the tune will be sufficiently directed."‡ The following extract from the twenty-third psalm will enable the reader to form some idea of this extraordinary translation of the Book of Psalms.

* Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. ii., pp. 186—190.

† Holland's Psalmists of Britain, vol. ii., pp. 141—144.

‡ *Psalterium Americanum*; Introduction, p. xxxvi.

The quotations from this very rare volume are made from the copy preserved in the Library of the British Museum.

"PSALM XXIII.

A Psalm of David.

1. My Shepherd is th' ETERNAL God, || I shall not be in [any] want :
2. In pastures of a tender grass || He [ever] makes me to lie down : || To waters of tranquillities || He gently carries me [along.]
3. My feeble and my wandering Soul || He [kindly] does fetch back again ; || In the plain paths of righteousness || He does lead [and guide] me along ; || Because of the regard He has || [ever] unto His glorious Name." || *

In 1783, Joel Barlow, an American statesman and poet, published a corrected and enlarged edition of Dr. Watts' Version of the Psalms, and a collection of hymns, with the recommendation of the General Association of the Congregationalist ministers of Connecticut, at whose request the work had been undertaken. Many of the psalms were altered so as to be adapted to the American churches (as all congregations are termed in the United States;) several were written anew; and several, which had been omitted by Dr. Watts, were supplied. Mr. Barlow also supplied some original hymns.† "His collection of psalms and hymns was in general use among the churches of Connecticut, until his bad character brought them into disrepute, when the collection by Dr. Dwight was made and introduced."‡ Though once a preacher of the gospel, Barlow had ceased to regard it of divine authority; and he died without the support of its glorious promises.§

In 1797, the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D. D., an eminent poet and divine, (president of Yale College, Connecticut,) was requested by the General Assembly of ministers in that state to revise the whole of Dr. Watts' version, or rather imitation of the psalms, and "to versify the psalms omitted by Watts." The task was undertaken accordingly; and the whole was published in 1800 with an "Advertisement explanatory of the design and execution of the work, and" [with] "minutes of approval from the General Assembly and General Association of Churches. The additional psalms comprised in the American Edition of Watts are upwards of twenty. The versions are for the most part respectable; but the Independents of this country appear never to have considered the American and the English poets as sufficiently coëqual in merit and authority, to induce them to adopt those contributions of Dr. Dwight, which render the work of Dr. Watts more complete, if not more precious."||

Many of the leading denominations in the United States of America (as the Lutherans, the Methodist Episcopal Church, &c.) have their own separate psalm and hymn-books. The best and most copious of all the collections which the writer has seen, was published (it is believed for the use of

the Congregationalists) by Messrs. Lowell Mason and David Green, at Boston, Massachusetts, in 1832, in 8vo. It is entitled "Church Psalmody; a collection of Psalms and Hymns, adapted to public worship." This well-printed volume has been compiled upon the most rigorous principles of selections, as well with regard to the subject-matter, as to the structure of the psalms and hymns. It would form an admirable basis of a national psalm and hymn-book, if we should ever have one for the use of the United Church of England and Ireland.

§ II. *Psalmody of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America.*

After the war, which terminated in the recognition of the independence of the United States of America, the members of the Church of England, which had previously existed in different parts of that country, took measures for organizing their ecclesiastical state. Accordingly, having obtained from Great Britain the consecration of the canonical number of bishops, they formed themselves into an episcopal church, under the appellation of "The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." In 1789, the General Convention of Bishops, and of Clerical and Lay Delegates issued a Book of Common Prayer, for the use of their church; in which, besides modifying certain passages in order to meet their altered political circumstances, they introduced various judicious alterations and improvements, principally those which had been proposed in 1689, by the royal commissioners to the lower house of the English Convocation, but which had been rejected by a majority in that ecclesiastical assembly. The General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church also adopted Messrs. Tate and Brady's "New Version of the Psalms;" to which fifty-seven hymns were added. That number being found insufficient for public worship, and also requiring revision, the General Convention, at their triennial meeting held in May, 1823, appointed a committee consisting of three bishops, seven presbyters, and seven lay delegates, to consider what alterations and additions were necessary to be made.* And in 1826, a collection of two hundred and twelve hymns was published under the sanction of the General Convention, and continues to be used in the public worship of that section of the universal church. In consequence of the difficulty experienced by many of the clergy, in selecting suitable portions of the "New Version of the Psalms," the General Convention held in 1829, appointed a committee of the house of bishops and of clerical and lay delegates, to consider and report on a selection which was to be made from the psalms in metre used by the Protestant Episcopal Church. In their report the committee state that "The version of Tate and Brady has been retained, where it appeared to be serviceable; in a few cases, in which it was otherwise, better versions have been substituted. Corrections have been occasionally

* *Psalterium Americanum*, p. 50.

† *Allen's American Biographical and Historical Dictionary*, p. 71. Boston, 1832.

‡ *Holland's Psalm. of Britain*, ii. 262, note.

§ *Allen's American Biographical Dictionary*, p. 72.

|| *Holland's Psalmists of Britain*, vol. ii., pp. 263, 264.

* *Journal of the General Convention*, pp. 16, 64. New York, 1823.

made, to render the version more agreeable to the original psalm ; and also verbal alterations, to introduce properly, or to connect, the selected portions. The principle of selection has been, to retain every psalm and verse which appeared serviceable, and to omit the rest."* This report was presented to the General Convention held in October, 1832 ; and, in pursuance of its recommendations, one hundred and twenty-four selections of entire psalms or of portions of psalms were adopted, and are now in use in all the churches of the Protestant Episcopal communion in the United States.

From the Charleston Courier.

THE BEAUTIFUL MANIAC.

"The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!"

In the morning train from Petersburg, there was a lady closely veiled, in the same car with ourselves. She was dressed in the purest white, wore gold bracelets, and evidently belonged to the higher circles of society. Her figure was delicate, though well developed, and exquisitely symmetrical ; and when she occasionally drew aside her richly embroidered veil, the glimpse of her features, which the beholder obtained, satisfied him of her extreme loveliness. Beside her sat a gentleman in deep mourning, who watched over her with unusual solicitude, and several times when she attempted to rise, he excited the curiosity of the passengers by detaining her in her seat.

Outside the cars all was confusion ; passengers looking to their baggage, porters running, cabmen cursing, and all the usual hurry and bustle attending the departure of a railroad train. One shrill warning whistle from the engine, and we moved slowly away.

At the first motion of the car, the lady in white started to her feet with one heart-piercing scream, and her bonnet falling off, disclosed the most lovely features we ever contemplated. Her raven tresses fell over her shoulders in graceful disorder, and clasping her hands in prayer, she turned her dark eyes to heaven ! What agony was in that look !—What beauty, too, what heavenly beauty, had not so much of misery been stamped upon it. Alas ! that one glance told a melancholy tale.

"——— she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul ; her mind
Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth ; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm ; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things
And forms, impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers."

Her brother, the gentleman in black, was unremitting in his efforts to soothe her spirit. He led her back to her seat ; but her hair was still unbound, and her beauty unveiled. The cars rattled on, and the passengers in groups resumed their conversation.

* Report of the Committee on the Psalms in metre, p. 3. New York, 1831.

Suddenly a wild melody arose ; it was the beautiful maniac's voice, rich, full, and inimitable. Her hands were crossed on her heaving bosom, and she waved her body as she sung with touching pathos,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,

And lovers are around her sighing,
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying !

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking !"

Her brother was unmanned, and he wept as only man can weep. The air changed, and she continued—

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded
As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet ?
If thus the unkind world wither
Each feeling that once was dear ;
Come, child of misfortune ! come hither,
I'll weep with thee, tear for tear."

She then sung a fragment of the beautiful hymn,

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

Another attempt to rise up was prevented, and she threw herself on her knees beside her brother, and gave him such a mournful, entreating look, with a plaintive "Save me, my brother ! save your sister !" that scarcely a passenger could refrain from weeping. We say scarcely, for there was one man (was he a man ?) who called on the conductor to "put her out of the car." He received the open scorn of the company. His insensibility to such a scene of distress almost defies belief ; and yet this is, in every particular, an "ow'er true tale."* Should he ever read these lines, may his marble heart be softened by the recollection of his brutality !

Again the poor benighted beauty raised her bewitching voice to one of the most solemn sacred airs ;

"Oh where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul !"

And continued her melancholy chant until we reached the steamer Mount Vernon, on board of which we descended the magnificent James river, the unhappy brother and sister occupying the "ladies' cabin." His was a sorrow too profound for ordinary consolation ; and no one dared intrude so far upon his grief as to satisfy his curiosity.

We were standing on the promenade deck, admiring the beautiful scenery of the river, when at one of the landings, the small boat pulled away for the shore with the unhappy pair, en route for the asylum at ——. She was standing erect in the stern of the boat, her head still uncovered, and her white dress and raven tresses fluttering in the breeze. The boat returned, and the steamer moved on for Norfolk.—They were gone ! that brother with his broken heart, that sister with her melancholy union of beauty and madness.

GLENDARLOCK.

* *Me ipso teste.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE PORTRAIT.

A TALE: ABRIDGED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF GÓGOL.

BY THOMAS B. SHAW.

CHAPTER I.

By none of the numerous objects of interest in the busy city of St. Petersburg are the steps of the sauntering pedestrian more frequently arrested than by the picture-shop in the Stehúkin Dvor.* True it is that the specimens of art there displayed are distinguished rather by eccentricity of design, and rudeness of execution, than by striking evidences of genius. The paintings are for the most part in oil, coated with green varnish, and fitted into frames of dark yellow tinsel. A winter-piece with white trees, a ferociously red sunset, like the glow of a conflagration, a Flemish boor with a pipe and dislocated-looking arm—resembling a turkey-cock in ruffles, rather than a human being—such are the ordinary subjects. Beside them hang a few engravings: portraits of Khosrev-Mirza in his sheepskin bonnet, and of truculent generals with cocked hats and crooked noses. Bundles of coarse prints, on large paper broadsides, are suspended on either side the door. Here we have the Princess Miliktris Kirbitierna;† yonder the city of Jerusalem, its houses and churches smeared with vermilion, which gaudy color has also invaded a part of the ground and a brace of Russian pilgrims in huge fur gloves. If these works of art find few purchasers, they at least attract a throng of stargers; drunken ragamuffin lacqueys on their way from the cook's shop, bearing piles of plates with their masters' dinners, which grow cold whilst they gape at the pictures; great-coated Russian soldiers with penknives for sale; Okhta pedlar-women with boxes of shoes. Each spectator expresses his admiration in his own peculiar way: peasants point with their fingers; soldiers gaze with stolid gravity; dirty foot-boys and black-guard apprentices laugh and apply the caricatures to each other; old serving-men in frieze cloaks stand listless and agape, indulging their propensity to utter idleness.

A number of persons answering to the above description were assembled before the picture-shop, when they were joined by a young man in a thread-bare cloak and shabby garments. He was a painter, named Tcharkóff, as enthusiastic in his art as he was needy in his circumstances and careless in his dress. Pausing before the booth, he smiled as he glanced at the wretched pictures there displayed. The next moment the expression of mirthful contempt faded from his thin, ardent features, and he fell a-thinking. The question had occurred to him, amongst what class of people could those tawdry, worthless productions find pur-

chasers? That Russian *mujiks* should gaze delightedly upon the *Yerusalán Lazarévitches*, on pictures of *Phomá* and *Yerema*, of the heroes of their tales and legends, was quite natural; the objects represented were adapted to popular taste and comprehension; but who would buy those tawdry oil-paintings, those Flemish boors, those crimson and azure landscapes, which, whilst pretending to a higher grade of art, served but to prove its deep degradation! Not one redeeming touch could be traced in the senseless caricatures, to whose authors' clumsy hands the mason's trowel would assuredly have been better adapted than the painter's pencil. It was the very dotage of incapacity. The coloring, the treatment, the coarse obtrusive mechanical touch, seemed those of a clumsily constructed automaton, rather than of a human painter. Thus musing, our artist stood for some time before the vile daubs that excited his disgust, gazing at them long after the train of his reflections had led him far from them; whilst the master of the shop, a little, gray, ill-shaven fellow in a frieze cloak, chattered and chafered and bargained as indefatigably as if the young man had announced himself a purchaser.

"Well, now," said he, "for these *mujiks* and the landscape, I'll take a white note.* There's a painting! It hurts your eye, it's so bright; just received from the Exchange; varnish hardly dry. Take the winter-piece. Fifteen rubles! Frame worth the money. There's a winter, there's snow for you!"

Here the eager trader gave a slight fillip to the canvass, as if he expected the snow to fall off.

"Take the three. I'll send them home at once. Where does your honor live? Boy, a cord!"

"Not so fast, my friend," cried the artist, startled from his reverie, and perceiving the brisk dealer about to tie up the three daubs. His first impulse was to walk away, but he felt ashamed to purchase nothing after standing so long before the shop, and causing the hungry-looking old salesman so large an expenditure of breath. "Wait a little," he said. "I will see if you have anything to suit me." And, stooping down, he turned over a number of battered dusty old pictures heaped like lumber upon the ground. They were chiefly old-fashioned family portraits, likenesses of unknown and insignificant faces, with torn canvass, and frames that had lost their gilding. Nevertheless Tcharkóff carefully examined them, thinking it possible he might pick up something good. He had more than once heard stories of pictures of the great masters being met with amongst the dust and trash of such shops as this. The dealer, perceiving he had probably nailed a customer, ceased his bustling importunity, resumed his station at the door, and recommenced his appeals to the passengers. He shouted, chattered, and pointed to his wares, but without success; then he had a long chat with an old-clothesman, whose establishment was on the opposite side of the alley; and at last, recollecting

*A kind of bazaar or perpetual market, where second-hand furniture, old books and pictures, earthenware, and other cheap commodities, are exposed for sale in small open booths.

†A personage who figures, like two or three others afterwards alluded to, in the popular legends and fairy tales of Russia.

*Twenty-five rubles.

that all this time there was a customer in his shop, he turned his back upon the public and walked in.

"Have you chosen anything, sir?"

The artist stood immovable before a large portrait, whose frame had once been richly gilt, although it now scarcely retained a few tarnished vestiges of its former splendor. The subject was an old man, his face swarthy and bronzed, with furrowed brow and hollow temples, and sharp high cheek-bones; a physiognomy on which the ravages of time, and climate, and suffering were plainly legible. The figure was draped in a flowing Asiatic costume. Defaced and injured and grimed with dirt though the portrait was, yet, when Tcharkóff had wiped the dust from the countenance, he perceived evident traces of the touch of a great artist. The picture seemed to have been scarcely finished, but the force of treatment was immense. Its most extraordinary part was the eyes; in them the artist had concentrated all the power of his pencil. There was vitality in those dark and lustrous orbs; they looked out of the portrait, and in some measure destroyed its harmony by their strange and life-like expression. When Tcharkóff took the picture to the door, he fancied the pupils dilated. The peculiarity of the painting at once attracted the attention of the idlers without. Some uttered exclamations of surprise, others fell back a pace as if in terror. A pale, sickly-looking woman of the lower classes, who suddenly found herself face to face with this singular portrait, screamed with alarm. "It's looking at me!" she cried, and hurried away, casting nervous glances over her shoulder. Tcharkóff himself experienced—he could not tell why—a sort of disagreeable sensation, and he put the portrait on the ground.

"D'ye buy?" said the picture-dealer.

"How much?" said the artist.

"At a word—three *tchetvertáks*.*"

Tcharkóff shook his head. "Too much. I will give you a *dougrívennoi*," he added, moving towards the door.

"A *dougrívennoi* for that picture! You are pleased to joke, sir. The frame is worth twice the money. Bid me something more, if it be only another *grívennik*. Come back, sir," he shouted, running after the painter, and detaining him by his cloak-skirt; "come back, sir. You are my first customer to-day, and I will take your offer, for luck's sake. But the picture is given away."

On finding his offer thus unexpectedly accepted, Tcharkóff heartily repented his temerity in making it. The *dougrívennoi* he paid the dealer was his last in the world, and he was encumbered with a lumbering old portrait for which he had no earthly use. Cursing his own imprudence, he took up his purchase, and trudged away with it. Its weight and size caused it to slip perpetually from under his arm, and rendered it a most troublesome burthen. At last, tired to death and bathed in perspiration, he reached the house, in the fifteenth line of the

Vasilievskü Ostrow, in which he occupied a modest lodging, ascended the uncleanly staircase, and knocked impatiently at the door of his apartment. It was opened by a slatternly lad in a blue shirt—his cook, model, color-grinder and floor-sweeper, who had to thank his godfathers for the harmonious name of Nikíta, and who united in his person the dirt incidental to three out of his four occupations. Tcharkóff entered his ante-room, which felt very chilly, as artists' ante-rooms usually are, and, without taking off his cloak, walked on into his studio, a square apartment, tolerably spacious, but low in the ceiling, and with windows dimmed by the frost. This room was littered with all kinds of artistical rubbish: fragments of plaster of Paris, casts of hands, frames, stretched canvasses, sketches begun and thrown aside, and drapery cast carelessly over the chairs. Completely knocked up, Tcharkóff let his cloak fall, placed his new purchase against the wall, and threw himself on a narrow, meagre little sofa, whose leathern cover, torn upon one side from the row of brass nails that had formerly confined it, afforded Nikíta a convenient receptacle for dish-cloths, old clothes, dirty linen, and any other miscellaneous matters he thought fit to cram under. The sun had set, and the night grew each moment darker. Our artist ordered Nikíta to bring a candle.

"There are no candles," was Nikíta's reply.

"How!—no candles?"

"There were none yesterday," said Nikíta.

Tcharkóff remembered that there *had* been none the night before, and that his credit with the tallow-chandler was not such as to render it probable a supply had been sent in that morning. So he held his tongue, allowed Nikíta to take off his coat, waistcoat, and cravat, and wrapped himself up as warmly as he could in a dressing gown with tattered elbows.

"I forgot to tell you," said Nikíta, "the landlord has been here."

"For money I suppose," said the artist, shrugging his shoulders.

"He had somebody with him. A *Kvartalnü*, I think.* He said something about the rent not being paid."

"Well, what can they do?"

"Don't know," replied the imperturbable Nikíta. "He said you must leave the lodgings or pay. Will come again to-morrow."

"Let them come," said Tcharkóff gloomily. And he turned himself upon the comfortless sofa with a feeling akin to desperation.

Tcharkóff was a young artist of considerable promise, and whose pencil was at times remarked for its accuracy, and near approach to the truthfulness of nature. But he had faults which procured him frequent admonitions from the professor under whom he studied. "You have talent," he would say to him; "it will be a sin to ruin it by carelessness and by pursuing erroneous ideas and principles. You are too impatient; too apt to be fascinated by novelty, and to neglect rules hal-

* A silver coin, about the size of a shilling, the quarter of a silver ruble (*unde nomen*) worth ninepence.

* The officer commanding the police of the quarter.

lowed by time and experience, laws immutable as those of the Medes. Beware, lest you become a mere fashionable painter. Your colors, I observe, are not unfrequently selected in defiance of good taste; your drawing is often feeble, sometimes positively incorrect; your outlines want clearness. You run after a flashy kind of *chiaro-scuro*, the lighting up of your picture is meant only to strike the eye at the first glance. And you have a passion for the introduction of finery; a taste for dandified costume. All this is dangerous, and may lead you into the fatal habit of painting mere fashionable pictures, pretty portraits and the like, which yield money, but can never give fame. Do that, and your talent is lost and thrown away. Be patient, wait, reflect, chasten your taste by study, and wean yourself from that hankering after prettiness and dandyism. Leave such tricks to those who care but for gold, and propose yourself a higher aim, the never-dying laurels of a Titian or an Angelo."

The professor meant well, and was right in the main. Tcharkóff was apt to indulge in the flashy and the superficial. But he had sufficient strength of mind to control this dangerous tendency, and a purer taste was gradually but perceptibly developing itself in him. As yet he could not quite appreciate all the depth of Raphael, but he was strongly fascinated by the broad and rapid touch of Guido; he would stand enchanted before Titian's portraits, and had a high appreciation of the Flemish school. Yet the darkened and sober tone characterizing old pictures did not quite please or satisfy him; nor did he, in his innermost mind, altogether agree with the professor, when the latter expatiated to him on that mysterious power which places the old masters at such immeasurable distance above the moderns. In some respects he almost fancied them surpassed by the nineteenth century; that the imitation of nature had somehow become, in modern times, more vivid, and lively, and faithful: in a word, his mind was in that fluctuating, unsettled state in which the minds of young people are apt to be when they have reached a particular point of proficiency in their art, and feel a proud internal conviction of talent. Often was he filled with rage when he saw some travelling French or German painter, by the mere effect of trick and habit, by readiness of pencil and flashy coloring, catching the multitude, and making a fortune. These impressions made their way into his mind, not in moments when he was buried, body and soul, in his work, and forgot food and drink and all outward things; but when, as was often the case, necessity stared him in the face, and he found himself without the means of buying brushes and colors, or even bread, whilst the greedy and implacable landlord came ten times a day to dun him for his rent. Then his hunger-sharpened imagination would revert to the different lot of the rich and fashionable painter; then darted through his brain the thought that so often flits through the Russian head, the idea of sending his art and all to the devil, and going to the devil himself

"Yes, wait! wait!" he exclaimed passionately; "but patience and waiting must have an end. Wait, indeed! and where am I to seek to-morrow's dinner! Borrowing is out of the question; and if I sell my pictures and drawings, they will give me, perhaps, a *dougrivennoi* for the whole lot. They are useful to me; not one of them but was undertaken with an object—from each I have learned something. But what could be their value to anybody else? They are studies—exercises; and studies and exercises they will remain to the end of the chapter. And, besides, who would buy them? I am unknown as an artist, and who wants studies from the antique and sketches from the living model, or my unfinished Love and Psyche, or the perspective sketch of my room, or my portrait of Nikíta, though it is really better than the portraits painted by any of your fashionable fellows! And, after all, what do I gain by this? Why should I work myself to death, and keep plodding like a schoolboy over his A, B, C, when I might be as famous as any of them, and have as much money in my pockets!" As he pronounced these words, the artist involuntarily shuddered and turned pale. He saw, looking fixedly at him, peeping out from the shadow of a tall canvass that stood against the wall, a face seemingly torn by some convulsive agony. Two dreadful eyes glared upon the young man, with a strange, inexplicable expression; the lips were curled with mingled scorn and suffering; the features were haggard and distorted. Startled, almost terrified, Tcharkóff was on the point of calling Nikíta, who by this time sent forth from his ante-room a Titanic snore, when he checked himself and burst into a laugh. The object of alarm was the portrait he had bought, and which he had completely forgotten. The bright moon-beams, streaming into the room, partially illuminated the picture, and gave it a strange air of reality. By the clear cold light Tcharkóff set to work to examine and clean his purchase. When the coat of dust and filth that incrustated it was removed, he hung the picture upon the wall, and, retiring to look at it, was more than ever astounded at its extraordinary character and power. The countenance seemed lighted up by the fierce and glittering eyes, which looked out of the picture so wonderfully, and assumed, as it seemed to him, such strange and varied and terrible expression, that he at last involuntarily turned away his own, unable to support the gaze of the old Asiatic. Then came into his mind a story he had once heard from his professor, of a certain portrait of the famous Leonardo da Vinci, at which the great master worked for many years, still counting it unfinished, and which, nevertheless, according to Vasari, was universally considered the most perfect and finished production of art. But the most exquisitely finished part of it were the eyes, which excited the wonder of all contemporaries; even the minute and almost invisible veins were exactly rendered and put upon the canvass. But here, on the other hand, in the portrait before him, there was something strange and horrid. This was not

art: the eyes absolutely destroyed the harmony of the portrait. They were living, they were human eyes! They seemed to have been cut out of a living man's face and stuck in the picture. Instead of admiration, the portrait inspired a painful feeling of oppression; the beholder was seized with a sort of waking nightmare, weighing upon and overwhelming him like a moral and mysterious incubus.

Shaking off this feeling, Tcharkóff again approached the portrait, and forced himself to gaze steadily upon its eyes. They were still fixed upon him. He changed his place; the eyes followed him. To whatever part of the room he removed, he met their deep, malignant glance. They seemed animated with the unnatural sort of life one might expect to find in the eyes of a corpse, newly recalled to existence by the spell of some potent sorcerer. In spite of his better reason, which reproached him for his weakness, Tcharkóff felt an inexplicable impression, which made him unwilling to remain alone in the room. He retired softly from the portrait, turned his eyes in a different direction, and endeavored to forget its presence; yet, in spite of all his efforts, his eye, as though of its own accord, kept glancing sideways at it. At last he became even fearful to walk about; his excited imagination made him fancy that as soon as he moved somebody was walking behind him—at each step he glanced timidly over his shoulder. He was naturally no coward; but his nerves and imagination were painfully on the stretch, and he could not control his absurd and involuntary fears. He sat down in the corner; somebody, he thought, peeped stealthily over his shoulder into his face. Even the loud snoring of Nikíta, which resounded from the ante-room, could not dispel his uneasiness and chase away the unreal visions haunting him. At last he rose from his seat, timidly, without lifting his eyes, went behind the screen and lay down on his bed. Through the crevices in the screen he saw his room brightly illuminated by the moon, and he beheld the portrait hanging on the wall. The eyes were fixed upon him even more horribly and meaningly than before, and seemed as if they would not look at anything but him. Making a strong effort, he got out of bed, took a sheet and hung it over the portrait. This done, he again lay down, feeling more tranquil, and began to muse upon his melancholy lot—upon the thorns and difficulties that beset the path of the friendless and aspiring artist. At intervals he involuntarily glanced through the crevices of the screen at the shrouded portrait. The bright moon-light increased the whiteness of the sheet, and he at last fancied that he saw the horrible eyes shining through the linen. He strained his sight to convince himself he was mistaken. The contrary effect was produced. The old man's face became more and more distinct;—there could no longer be any doubt: the sheet had disappeared—the grim portrait was completely uncovered, and the infernal eyes stared straight at him, peering into his very soul. An icy chill came over his heart. He looked again;

—the old man had moved, and stood with both hands leaning on the frame. In a few seconds he rose upon his arms, put forth both legs and leaped out of the frame, which was now seen empty through the crevice in the screen. A heavy foot-step was heard in the room. The poor artist's heart beat hard and fast. Swallowing his breath for very fear, he awaited the sight of the old man, who evidently approached his bed. And in another moment there he was, peeping round the screen, with the same bronze-like countenance and fixed, glittering eyes. Tcharkóff made a violent effort to cry out, but his voice was gone. He strove to stir his limbs—they refused to obey him. With open mouth and arrested breath he gazed upon the apparition. It was that of a tall man in a wide Asiatic robe. The painter watched its movements. Presently it sat down almost at his very feet, and drew something from between the folds of its flowing dress. This was a bag. The old man untied it, and, seizing it by the two ends, shook it: with a dull, heavy sound there fell on the floor a number of heavy packets, of a long cylindrical shape. Their envelop was of dark blue paper, and on each was inscribed, 1000 DUCATS. Extending his long lean hands from his wide sleeves, the old man began unrolling the packets. There was a gleam of gold. Great as Tcharkóff's terror was, he could not help staring covetously at the coin, and looked on with profound attention as it streamed rapidly through the spectre's bony hands, glittering and clinking with a dull metallic sound, and was then rolled up anew. Suddenly he remarked one packet which had rolled a little further than the rest, and stopped at the leg of the bedstead, near the head. By a rapid and furtive motion he seized this packet, gazing the while at the old man to see whether he remarked it. But he was too busy. He collected the remaining packets, replaced them in the bag, and, without looking at the artist, retired behind the screen. Tcharkóff's heart beat vehemently when he heard his departing footsteps echoing through the room. Congratulating himself on impunity, he joyfully grasped the packet, and had almost ceased to tremble for its safety, when suddenly the footsteps again approached the screen; the old man had evidently discovered that one of his packets was wanting. Nearer he came, and nearer, until once more his grim visage was seen peeping round the screen. In an agony of terror the young man dropped the rouleau, made a desperate effort to stir his limbs, uttered a great cry—and awoke. A cold sweat streamed from every pore; his heart beat so violently that it seemed about to burst; his breast felt as tight as if the last breath were in the act of leaving it. Was it a dream? he said, pressing his head between both hands; the vividness of the apparition made him doubt it. Now, at any rate, he was unquestionably awake, yet he thought he saw the old man moving as he settled himself in his frame, his hand sinking by his side, and the border of his wide robe waving. His own hand retained the sensation of having, but a moment before, held a

weighty substance. The moon still shone into the room, bringing out from its dark corners here a canvass, there a lay figure, there again the drape thrown over a chair, or a plaster cast on its bracket on the wall. Tcharkóff now perceived that he was not in bed, but on his feet, opposite the portrait. How he got there—was a thing he could in no way comprehend. What astounded him still more was the fact that the portrait was completely uncovered. No vestige of a sheet was there, but the living eyes staring fixedly at him. A cold sweat stood upon his brow; he would fain have fled, but his feet were rooted to the ground. And then he saw (of a certainty this was no dream) the old man's features move, and his lips protruded as if about to utter words. With a shrill cry of horror, and a despairing effort, Tcharkóff tore himself from the spot—and awoke. It was still a dream. His heart beat as though it would burst his bosom, but there was no cause for such agitation. He was in bed, in the same attitude as when he fell asleep. Before him was the screen; the chamber was filled with the watery moonbeams. Through the crack in the screen, the portrait was visible, covered with the sheet he had himself laid over it. Although thus convinced of the groundlessness of his alarm, the palpitation of his heart increased in violence, until it became painful and alarming; the oppression on his breast grew more and more severe. He could not detach his eyes from the sheet, and presently he distinctly saw it move, at first gently, then quickly and violently, as though hands were struggling and groping behind it, pulling and tearing, and striving, but in vain, to throw it aside. There was something mysteriously awful in this struggle of an invisible power against so flimsy an obstacle, which it yet was unable to overcome. Tcharkóff felt his very soul chilled with fear. "Great God! what is this?" he cried, crossing himself in an agony of terror. And once more he awoke. For the third time he had dreamed a dream! He sprang from his bed in utter bewilderment, his brain whirling and burning, and at first could not make up his mind whether he had been favored by a visit from the *domovói*,* or by that of a real apparition.

Approaching the window, he opened the *fórtotchka*.† A sharp frosty breeze brought refreshment to his heated frame. The moon's radiance still lay broadly on the roofs and white walls of the houses, and small floating clouds chased each other across the sky. All was still, save when, from time to time, there fell faintly upon the ear the distant jarring rattle of a lingering *dròjki*, prowling in search of a belated fare. For some time our young painter remained with his head out of the *fórtotchka*, and it was not until signs of approaching dawn were visible in the heavens that

he closed the pane, threw himself upon his bed, and fell into a deep and dreamless slumber.

It was very late when he awoke with a violent headache. The room felt close; a disagreeable dampness saturated the air, and made its way through the crevices of the windows. Low-spirited, uncomfortable, and cheerless as a drenched cock, he sat down on his dilapidated sofa, and began to recall his dream of the previous night. So vivid was the impression it had made, that he could hardly persuade himself it had been a mere dream. Removing the sheet, he minutely examined the portrait by the light of day. He was still struck with the extraordinary power and expression of the eyes, but he found in them nothing peculiarly terrific. Still an unpleasant impression remained upon his mind. He could not divest himself of the conviction that a fragment of horrible reality had mingled with his dream. In defiance of reason, he imagined something peculiarly significant in the expression of the old man's face; a something of the cautious, stealthy look it had worn when he crept round the screen, and counted his gold under the very nose of the needy painter. And Tcharkóff still felt the print of the rouleau upon his palm, as though it had but that instant left his grasp. Had he held it but a little tighter, he thought, it must have remained in his hand even after his awakening.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, heaving a sorrowful sigh, "had I but the moiety of that wealth!" And again in his mind's eye he saw the rouleaus streaming from the sack. Again he read the attractive inscription—1000 DUCATS; again they were unrolled, he heard the chink of metal, saw it shine, burned to clutch it. But once more the blue paper was rolled around it; and there he sat, motionless and entranced, straining his eyes upon vacancy, powerless to divert their gaze from the imaginary treasure—like a child gazing with watering mouth at a dish of unattainable sweetmeats.

A knock at the door at last roused him from his reverie. It was promptly followed by the entrance of his landlord, accompanied by the *Nadzirátel*, or police-inspector of the quarter—a gentleman whose appearance is, if possible, more disagreeable to the poor than the face of a petitioner is to the rich. The landlord of the small house in which Tcharkóff lodged, was no bad type of the class of house-owners in such quarters as the fifteenth line of the Vasilievskü Ostrov. In his youth, he had been a captain in the army, where he was noted as a noisy, quarrelsome fellow; transferred thence to the civil service, he proved himself a thorough master of the art of petty tyranny, a bustling coxcomb and a blockhead. Age had done little to improve his character. He had been some time a widower, had long retired from the service, was less given to quarrels and coxcombry, but more trivial and teasing. His chief happiness consisted in drinking tea, propagating scandal, and in sauntering about his apartment with hands behind his back. These intellectual

*The Russian house-spirit. This "lubber fiend" is frequently the popular name of the night-mare.

†The "was-ist-das," a single pane of glass fixed in a frame, to admit of its being opened, very necessary in a climate where double casements are fixed during eight months out of the year.

occupations were varied by an occasional inspection of the roof of his house, by ferreting his *dvornik*, or porter, fifty times a day out of the kennel in which he oftener slept than watched, and by a monthly attack upon his lodgers for their rent.

"Do me the favor to see about it yourself, Varùkh Kusmitch," said the landlord, to the Kvartálnü; "he won't pay his rent—he won't pay, sir."

"How can I, without money? Give me time, and I will pay."

"Time, my good sir! impossible! I can't hear of such a thing," said the landlord in a rage, flourishing the key he held in his hand. "Perhaps you don't know that Colonel Potogònkín lodges in my house—a colonel, sir, and has lived here these seven years; and Anna Petròvna Buchmisteroff—a lady of fortune, sir, who rents a coach-house, and a two-stall stable, sir, and keeps three out-door servants; these are the sort of lodgers I have. My house, I tell you plainly, is not one of those establishments where people live who don't pay their rent. So I will thank you to pay yours directly, and be off bag and baggage."

"You had better pay," said the Kvartálnü Nadzirátel, with a slight but significant shake of the head, sticking his forefinger through a button-hole of his uniform.

"It's very easy to say pay, but where is the money? I have not a sous."

"In that case, you can satisfy Ivàn Ivànovitch with goods, with the produce of your profession," said the Kvartálnü; "he will probably agree to take pictures."

"Not I, indeed! no pictures for me! It would be all very well to take pictures with respectable subjects, such as a gentleman could hang on his wall; a general with a star, or the likeness of Prince Kutúzoff! but, here I see nothing but paintings of mujiks in their shirt-sleeves, servants, and such like cattle—a mere waste of time and colors. He has taken the likeness of that black-guard of his, whose bones I shall assuredly break, for the thief has pulled the nails out of all my locks and window-hasps—a scoundrel! Just look; there's a subject for you! a picture of the room! It would have been all very well if he had drawn it clean, neat, and orderly; but there he has got it full of filth and rubbish, just as it is. Only see how he has bedevilled and dirtied my room; pretty work, indeed, when I have had colonels for lodgers seven years together, and Anna Petròvna Buchmisteroff! Truly there are no worse lodgers than artists; they turn a drawing-room into a pigstye."

To all this, and much more, the poor painter was forced to listen patiently. Meanwhile the Kvartálnü Nadzirátel amused himself by looking at the pictures and sketches, occasionally uttering a comment or question.

"Not bad!" said he, pausing before a female figure; "pretty woman, really! But what's the meaning of that black, there, under her nose? is it snuff, or what?"

"That's the shadow," replied Tcharkkóff surlily, without turning towards him.

"You would have done better to have put it somewhere else. It is too remarkable just under the nose," said the critical Argus. "But, whose portrait is this?" continued he, approaching the picture that had occasioned Tcharkkóff so restless a night. "What an ugly old heathen! And what eyes! They might belong to Beelzebub himself. I must have a look at this."

And without asking permission, or thinking it necessary to use much ceremony with a poor devil of a painter who could not pay his rent, the agent of the law lifted the portrait from the nails on which it hung, to carry it to the window, and examine it at his leisure. But his hands were stiff and clumsy, and he had miscalculated the weight of the picture. It slipped through his fingers, and fell to the ground with a heavy thump and slight crashing noise, upsetting some lumber that stood against the wall, and raising a cloud of dust, which caused the man of manacles to step back and rub his eyes. With a muttered curse on the meddlesome official, Tcharkkóff sprang forward to raise the picture. As he did so, a small board, forming one of the sides of the frame, and which had been cracked by the fall, gave way altogether under the pressure of his hand, and part of it fell out. The fragment was followed by a rouleau of dark blue paper, which emitted a dull chink as it struck the ground. Tcharkkóff's eye glanced upon an inscription; it was—1000 DUCATS. To snatch up the packet, and thrust it into his pocket, was the work of an instant.

"Surely, I heard the sound of coin," said the Kvartálnü, who, owing to the dust, and to the rapidity of the painter's movement, had not caught sight of the rouleau.

"And what business of yours is it, to know what I have in my room?"

"It's my business to tell you, that you must pay the landlord his rent; it's my business to tell you, that I know you have money, and yet you won't pay—that's my business, my fine fellow!"

"Well, I will pay him to-day."

"And, why did you not pay at once, without giving trouble to the landlord, and disturbing the police?"

"Because I did n't intend to touch this money. But I will pay him this evening, and leave his lodgings at once. I will live no longer in his paltry garret."

"He will pay you, Ivàn Ivànovitch," said the Kvartálnü to the landlord. "If you neglect to do so by this evening, why then you must excuse me, Mr. Painter, if we use severer means." And resuming his cocked hat, he departed, followed by the landlord, who hung his head, and looked exceedingly small.

"The devil go with them!" said Tcharkkóff, as he heard the outer door shut. He looked into the ante-room, sent Nikita out, in order to be quite alone, locked himself in, and, with a violent palpitation of the heart, opened his packet. It con-

tained exactly a thousand ducats, almost all of them quite new, and sparkling like the sun. Its appearance was precisely the same as those he had seen in his dream. Almost frantic with delight, he sat with the pile of gold before him, asking himself whether he did not still dream. Long did he handle and tell the gold before he could believe that it was real, and that he himself was awake and in his right mind.

He then curiously and carefully examined the frame. In one side of it a kind of cavity had been hollowed out, and afterwards closed with a board, so neatly that if the loutish hand of the Kvartálnü Nadzirátel, had not let the frame drop, the ducats might have remained for centuries undisturbed. It was with gratitude and complacency, rather than aversion, that the painter now contemplated the peculiar features and remarkable eyes of the old Asiatic.

"Whoever you are, my old boy," said Tcharkkóff to himself, "I'll put you under glass, and give you a splendid frame for this."

At this moment his hand happened to touch the heap of gold, and the contact made his heart beat as violently as ever. "What shall I do with it?" he thought, fixing his eyes upon the money. "Now I am at my ease for three years at least, I can shut myself in my studio, and work. I can buy colors, pay for a comfortable lodging and good food. I have enough for everything; nobody can tease or badger me now. I'll get a first-rate lay-figure, order a plaster torso, model feet, buy a Venus, have engravings of all the great masters. And if I work steadily for three years, quietly, without hurry, without being obliged to sell my pictures for my daily bread, I shall astonish the world and achieve fame."

Such was the artist's soliloquy, prompted by conscious talent and honorable ambition. A far different counsel was given by his twenty-two summers and heat of youth. He now had in his command all that he had hitherto gazed at from afar with envying eyes. How his heart bounded and swelled within him, as he thought of the luxuries he could now command! how he longed to exchange rags for purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously after his long fast, to dwell in a splendid lodging, to visit the theatre, the café, the ball!

Seizing his money, the young man was in the street in a moment. His first visit was to a tailor's shop, where he dressed himself from top to toe, and walked down the street looking at himself in every window. He bought a huge quantity of trinkets and perfumes, an opera-glass, and a mountain of brilliant cravats; took, without a word of bargaining, the first lodging that he saw, a magnificent set of rooms in the Nevskü perspective, with immense mirrors, and each window glazed with a single pane; had his hair curled at a coiffeur's, hired a carriage, and drove twice, without the slightest object, from one end of the town to the other, crammed himself with bon-bons at a confectioner's and went to a French restaurant, about which he had hitherto heard only vague and

uncertain rumors, such as one hears of the Chinese empire. There he dined, assuming the while a haughty and supercilious air, and incessantly arranging his well-curved locks. There, too, he drank a bottle of champagne; a liquid he had hitherto known only by reputation. His head full of wine, he went out into the street, gay, bold, ready for anything—able to face the devil, as the Russians say. On the bridge he met his former professor, and pushed coolly past him, as if he did not observe him, leaving the poor man motionless with astonishment, a mark of interrogation visibly printed in his countenance. All that he possessed in the world, easels, canvasses, pictures, Tcharkkóff transported that very evening to his new and splendid lodgings. He arranged his best pictures in the most visible situations, cast those he thought less of into corners, and perambulated his splendid rooms, looking at himself each minute in the mirrors. Then there arose in his mind a restless desire to take fame by storm, instantly, without delay, and to compel, by whatever means, the applause of the multitude. Already the cry rang in his ears, "Tcharkkóff, Tcharkkóff! have n't you seen Tcharkkóff's picture? What a rapid pencil Tcharkkóff has! Tcharkkóff has immense talent!" Musing, and castle-building, he paced his apartment till a late hour of the night, and when in bed, could not sleep for ruminating his ambitious projects.

The next morning he took a dozen ducats, and drove to the editor of a fashionable newspaper. The introduction was efficacious. The journalist praised his genius, professed the most ardent desire to serve him, loaded him with compliments, shook him fervently by both hands, and accompanied him obsequiously to the door, making minute inquiries as to his name, his style of painting, his place of residence.

The very next day there appeared in the newspaper, immediately after an advertisement of newly discovered candles, warranted to burn without wicks, an article headed,

"EXTRAORDINARY TALENT OF TCHARKKÓFF."

"We hasten to congratulate the inhabitants of this polite metropolis on what may be styled a discovery of the most splendid and useful nature. We refer to the sudden appearance of an artist of consummate skill, possessing all the qualifications that can render a painter worthy to transfer to the magic canvass the faces of the many beautiful women and handsome men who adorn the cultivated circles of St. Petersburg. Ladies may now confidently rely on being transmitted to posterity without diminution of their graces, with all their delicate loveliness, enchanting symmetry of form, and exquisite expression of feature—graces ephemeral, alas! as the existence of the butterfly that hovers over the vernal flowers. Parents, ere they leave this vale of tears, may bequeath to their sorrowing children their exact resemblance. The warrior, the statesman, the poet, all classes of men, in short, will pursue their career with fresh zeal and ardor,

now that the brilliant pencil of a Tcharkóff enables them to transmit to posterity their visible features, as well as their imperishable renown. Let all hasten, then, abandoning promenade and party, opera, ball, and theatre, to the splendid and luxurious studio of our artist, (Nevskü Perspective, No. —.) It is hung with portraits, the produce of his pencil, worthy a Vandyke or a Titian. The happy connoisseur knows not what to admire most in these exquisite works, their exact resemblance to the original, or the extraordinary brilliancy and freshness of their handling. They must be seen to be even imperfectly appreciated; the artist has truly drawn a prize in the lottery of genius. Success to you, Andréi Petróvitch! (the journalist was evidently fond of the familiar style.) *Macte novâ virtute*, and immortalize yourself and us. Glory, fortune, crowds of sitters, in spite of the feeble and envious efforts of certain contemporary prints, will be your speedy and unfailing reward!"

His face beaming with contentment, our artist perused this puff. He saw his name in print—a thing which was to him a complete novelty; and he could not help reading the lines at least a dozen times. He was particularly tickled with the comparison of his works to Vandyke and Titian. The use of his baptismal name, Andréi Petróvitch, also gratified him not a little. To be mentioned in this delightfully familiar way in print, was to him an honor as gratifying as it was new. He could not remain quiet a moment. Now he sat down in a chair, then threw himself picturesquely on a sofa, rehearsing the way he would receive his sitters; then he went to his easel, and gave a bold dashing stroke of the brush, studying at the same time a graceful mode of wielding it. Thus he got through the day.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, his bell rang. He hurried to the door; a lady entered, preceded by a footman in a furred livery cloak, and accompanied by a young girl of eighteen, her daughter.

"Monsieur Tcharkóff, I believe?" said the lady. The painter bowed.

"I have seen your name in the papers; your portraits, they say, are incomparable." With these words the lady put her glass to her eye, and glanced round the walls, which were bare. "But where are all your portraits?"

"They are not arrived," said the artist, a little confused; "I have just removed into these rooms, the pictures are still on the road—they will soon be here."

"You have been in Italy?" said the lady, turning her eye-glass on the painter in the absence of the paintings.

"No, I have not been there exactly—I intend to go—I have been compelled to put it off; but pray do me the honor to sit down; you must be tired."

"You are very kind, but I have been sitting—in my carriage. Ah, at last, I see some of your works!" said the lady, running up to the opposite side of the room, and levelling her glass at some canvasses placed on the floor, studies, sketches,

interiors, and portraits. "*C'est charmant! Lise, Lise! venez ici*: there's an interior in the manner of Teniers, see: all is in disorder, higgledy-piggledy, a table with a bust upon it, a hand, a palette; and the dust, look how well the dust is painted! *c'est charmant!* And there is another canvass, a woman washing her face—*quelle jolie figure!* Oh, and there's a *mujik!* Lise, Lise! a *mujik* in a Russian shirt! look, do look—a *mujik!* So you don't paint portraits only?"

"These are mere trifles—done for amusement, in an idle moment—mere studies——"

"But do tell me your opinion of the portrait-painters of the present day? Is n't it true, that we have none at present like Titian? There's not that force of coloring, not that—really, what a pity it is that I cannot express what I mean in Russian." The lady was passionately fond of painting, and had run, eye-glass in hand, over all the galleries in Italy. "Only, I must say, that Monsieur Dauberelli—ah, how he paints! What an extraordinary touch! I find more expression in his faces than even in Titian's. You know Monsieur Dauberelli?"

"Dauberelli! who is he?" asked the artist.

"Such talent! He painted my daughter when she was only twelve years old. You must come and see it, really you must. Lise, you shall show him your album. But I want another portrait of my daughter, and that is the motive of my visit. Can you begin at once?"

"Directly, madam, if you please." And in a moment he wheeled up his easel, with a canvass on it, ready stretched, took his palette in his hand, and fixed his eyes on the pale, childish features of the daughter. Young as she was, they already bore traces of late hours and dissipation. Expression they had little or none. But the artist saw in the complexion an almost china-like transparency, exquisitely adapted to his pencil; the neck was white and slender, the form elegant and aristocratic. And he prepared for a triumph; he intended to show the lightness and brilliancy of his touch, for the display of which he had hitherto lacked opportunities. He already began to fancy to himself how the pale but graceful little lady would come out upon the canvass.

"Do you know," said the mother, with a sentimental expression of face, "I should like—you see she has a frock on now—well, I confess I should not like you to paint her in a frock, it's so common-place; I should like her to be painted simply dressed, sitting in the shade of a thicket, with fields in the distance, and sheep or a forest in the back-ground—simplicity, the greatest simplicity, is what I should like."

Tcharkóff set to work, arranged the sitter in the attitude he required, endeavored to fix the whole subject in his mind; waved his brush in the air before him, as if establishing the principal points; half-closed his eyes several times, retired back a step or two, examined his sitter from a distance, and in about an hour he finished drawing in the face. Satisfied with the effect, he now

commenced painting, and his labor rapidly grew lighter. By this time he had forgotten he was in the presence of two ladies of high fashion, and began to fall into a few tricks of the painting-room, uttering half-aloud various inarticulate sounds, and at intervals humming a tune between his teeth. Without the slightest ceremony he from time to time signed, by a movement of his brush, to his sitter to raise her head. At last the young lady grew weary and restless.

"That's quite enough for the first sitting," said her mother.

"Another minute," cried the painter in an absent tone.

"Impossible! Lise, three o'clock!" said the lady, looking at her diminutive watch. "Oh, how late!"

"Only half a second," said Tcharkóff, in the wishful and beseeching voice of a child.

But the lady was disinclined to comply. She promised him a longer sitting another time.

"Horridly annoying!" said Tcharkóff to himself; "just as my hand was getting in." And he remembered that no one had ever interrupted him, when he worked in his painting-room in the Vasilievskü Ostrav. Nikíta would sit hour after hour without moving a muscle: you might paint him as much as you liked; he would go to sleep in the attitude he was fixed in. And the artist discontentedly laid his pencil and palette on a chair, and stood pensively before the canvass. He was aroused from his reverie by a compliment addressed to him by the fashionable lady. He darted towards the door to show out his visitors: on the stairs he received an invitation to dine with them the following week, and with a cheerful air he reëntered his rooms. The aristocratic style of his visitors had quite fascinated him. Up to this time he had held such beings unapproachable, born only to glide about in a splendid carriage with liveried footmen and a laced and bearded coachman, throwing a calm, indifferent glance on the humble foot-passenger as he plodded by in a shabby cloak. And yet, here was one of these exquisite beings calling upon him: he was painting her portrait, and had received an invitation to dine with her. Intoxicated with vanity and delight, he treated himself to a splendid dinner, went to the theatre in the evening, and again, without the slightest occasion, drove about the town in a carriage.

For some days he did nothing but arrange his rooms and listen for the sound of his bell. At last the lady arrived, with her pale daughter. He made them sit down, wheeled up his easel with a strong affectation of fashionable manner, and began to paint. He saw in his delicate sitter much that, being cleverly caught, would give high value to the portrait: he perceived that he might produce something quite peculiar and characteristic, if he could render it with the same accuracy and completeness with which nature herself had placed it before him. His heart even felt a slight tremor when he found himself expressing what no one else perhaps had ever remarked. His attention

became riveted on his canvass, and he again forgot the aristocratic descent of his sitter. Holding his breath from eagerness, he gradually saw the delicate features and transparent skin come out upon his canvass. He had caught every half-tint, even the slight ivory-like yellowness, the nearly imperceptible bluish tone under the eyes, and was just in the act of seizing a little mole upon the forehead, when he suddenly heard behind him the voice of the mother, crying—"Oh, never mind that! that is not necessary! I see, too, you have got a—here, for instance, and here, see!—a kind of yellowish—and here and there you have, as it were, little dark places." The artist explained that the dark and yellow tones relieved the face, and gave a delicacy to the flesh-tints. But the notion was scouted. He was informed that Lise had not slept well, that there was usually no yellowness at all in her face, which struck everybody by its freshness of complexion. Sadly and reluctantly Tcharkóff began to efface what he had taken such pains to produce. With it there vanished of course much of the resemblance. He now began, with a feeling of indifference, to throw over the whole a more common-place and hackneyed coloring, the red and white, devoid of vigor, which every daubster has at his command. The obnoxious tint was effaced, and the mamma was delighted. She only expressed her surprise that the work went on so slowly. She had heard, she said, that he could completely finish a portrait in two sittings. The ladies rose and prepared to go away. Tcharkóff laid down his pencil, conducted them to the door, and then, returning, stood for a while before his portrait, regretting the delicate lines, the half-tints and airy tones, so happily caught and pitilessly effaced. With these recollections vivid in his mind, he put aside the portrait, and looked for a study, which had been long abandoned, of a head of Psyche, an idea he had some time before thrown sketchily on the canvass. It was a pretty little countenance, cleverly and rapidly painted, but quite ideal, cold and hard, devoid of life and reality. Scarcely knowing why, he began to work at this, endeavoring to communicate to it all he could remember of the countenance of his aristocratic sitter. Psyche grew more and more animated; the type of the young fashionable lady's countenance was by degrees mingled with hers, at the same time acquiring an expression which gave it originality and character. Tcharkóff was able to avail himself, both in the details and in the general effect, of all that he had obtained from his sitter, and to incorporate it with his work. During several days he labored hard at his Psyche. He was still busy with it when he was interrupted by the arrival of his former visitors. The picture was on the easel. Both ladies uttered a cry of admiration, and clapped their hands.

"Lise! Lise! Oh, how like! *Superbe! Superbe!* What an exquisite idea, to dress her in the Grecian costume! What a truly delicious surprise!"

The artist hardly knew how to undeceive the

ladies in their agreeable mistake. He hung his head, and, with an apologetic air, said, in a low voice, "This is Psyche."

"Painted as Psyche! *C'est charmant!*" said the mother, with a smile, faithfully repeated by the daughter. "Don't you think so, Lise! it's just the thing for you. Painted as Psyche! *Quelle idée délicieuse!* But what a picture! Quite a Correggio! I have heard and read much about you, but I had not the least idea of your talent."

"What the deuce am I to do with them?" thought the artist. "Well, if they will have it so, Psyche shall go;" and he said aloud—"I must trouble you to give me a few minutes more—I should like to add a few touches."

"You cannot improve it. Pray leave it as it is."

The painter guessed that they apprehended some more yellow tones, and he hastened to remove their fears, saying that he was only going to increase the brilliancy and expression of the eyes. In reality he desired to give his picture a closer resemblance with the original—fearing, if he did not, that he should be taxed with unblushing flattery. In spite of the lady's reluctance, the pallid damsel's features began to come out more clearly amid the outlines of the Psyche.

"That will do," said the mother, less pleased by the picture as the resemblance grew closer. The artist was rewarded for his labor with smiles, money, compliments, a most affectionate squeeze of the hand, and a pressing invitation to dinner; in a word, he was overwhelmed with recompenses. The portrait made much noise in the town. The lady showed it to all her acquaintance. Everybody admired the skill with which the painter had succeeded in preserving the resemblance, and at the same time in giving beauty to the original. The last remark, of course, was not made without a slight tinge of malice. Tcharkóff was besieged with commissions. The whole town was mad to be painted by him. His door-bell rang incessantly. Unfortunately his sitters were of the class most difficult to manage; either persons very much occupied, or fashionable people, who, having in reality nothing to do, were, of course, far busier than anybody else, and hurried and impatient in the highest degree. Everybody expected a good picture in less time than was necessary to do a slovenly one. The artist saw that high finish was quite out of the question, and that all he could do was to dazzle by the facility, rapidity, and smartness of his execution. He had to content himself with catching the general expression, neglecting the more delicate details, and not attempting to attain the individuality and reality of nature. Besides this, every sitter had some fresh fancy. The ladies required that only their sentiment and character should be represented in their portraits; that all the rest should be smoothed and softened; sharp angles rounded off; defects mitigated, and even, if possible, altogether concealed. They required, in short, to be made attractive in their portraits, whether nature had made them so or not. Conse-

quently many, when they seated themselves in the painting chair, put on such looks and expressions as absolutely astounded the artist. One struggled to give her features an air of melancholy; another of sentimental abstraction; a third tried desperately to make her mouth small, and pursed it up till it resembled a round dot. And in spite of all this they expected striking resemblance, ease, and grace. Nor were the gentlemen more reasonable. One required to be painted with a strong, energetic turn of the head; another with uplifted eyes, full of poetic inspiration; an ensign of the Guards declared that he should not be satisfied unless Mars was made visible in his countenance: a civilian delicately suggested that his face should be made as much as possible to express incorruptible probity, mingled with imposing dignity, and that he should be painted leaning his arm on a book, inscribed in legible characters, "I stand for right." At first all these requests frightened and annoyed our painter; there was so much to be harmonized, considered, and arranged, and all in a few hours. At last he began to understand the secret, and went on without troubling his head in the least. From the first two or three words spoken, he perceived how the sitter wished to be painted. The gentleman who wanted Mars was made a Mars of; he who aped Byron received a Byronic attitude. As to the ladies, whether they wished to be Corinnas, or Undines, or Aspasias, he was quite ready to accommodate them, and even added, from his own imagination, a universal air of distinction, which never does any harm, and which sometimes makes people excuse even want of resemblance. He soon began to be astonished at the wonderful rapidity and success of his execution. As to the sitters, they were in ecstasies, and proclaimed him everywhere a genius of the first water.

Tcharkóff became all the fashion. He drove out every day to dinner parties, escorted ladies to exhibitions and promenades, was a consummate puppy in his dress, and openly declared that an artist ought to be a man of the world; that it was his duty to maintain his dignity; that painters in general dressed like shoemakers; that their manners were execrably vulgar, and that they were people of no education. His studio was a pattern of elegance; he kept a couple of magnificent footmen; took a number of dandified pupils; had his hair curled; dressed half a dozen times a day in various fantastical costumes. He was perpetually rehearsing improvements in his way of receiving visitors; meditating on all possible means of beautifying his person, and of producing an agreeable impression on the ladies. In short, it soon became impossible to recognize in him the modest student who once labored so fervently in his garret in the Vasilievskü Ostrov. Concerning art and artists he now rarely spoke; he asserted that the merit of the old masters had been outrageously overrated; that, before Raphael, their figures were rather like herrings than human beings; that it was the imagination of the spectator only that could find in their works that air of grandeur and

dignity generally attributed to them. Raphael himself, he said, was very unequal, and many of his productions owed their glory only to tradition. Michael Angelo was a boaster, weakly vain of his knowledge of anatomy, and without a particle of grace. Real force of outline, grace of touch, and magic of coloring we must look for, he said, in the present age. Thence the conversation easily glided to his own pictures.

"I cannot conceive," he would say, "the obstinacy of people who dudge at their pictures. A fellow who hangs month after month over one piece of canvass is, in my opinion, an artisan, not an artist. Such a one has no genius, for genius creates boldly, rapidly. Now this portrait, for instance," he would say, "I painted in two days, this head in one day, this in a few hours, and that other in rather more than an hour. I don't call it art to go crawling on, line after line."

Thus he would chatter to his visitors, and the visitors would admire his dashing rapidity, and uttered exclamations of wonder when they heard how quickly he worked; and then they would whisper to each other—"This is genius—real genius! How well he talks! What an extraordinary talent!"

Such praise as this the painter greedily drank in, and was as delighted as a child by the encomiums of the press, even when bought and paid for with his own money. His fame continued to spread, and his occupation to increase, till he grew weary of painting portraits and faces with the same tricks and attitudes that he knew by heart. Gradually he worked with less and less good-will, contenting himself with carelessly sketching in the head, and leaving all the rest to be finished by his pupils. Formerly he had taken trouble to seek new attitudes; to strike by novelty—by effect. Now he began to grow weary even of this labor. He entirely left off reflecting; he had neither power nor leisure for it. His dissipated mode of life, and the society in which he played the part of a man of fashion, severed him more and more from labor and from thought. His touch grew cold and dull, and he insensibly confined himself to stale, commonplace worn-out forms. The stiff, monotonous countenances of officers and civilians, in their graceless modern costumes, were not very attractive subjects for the pencil. He forgot all—his graceful draping, his easy attitudes, his power of representing the passions. As to skilful grouping, or dramatic effect in painting, all that was quite out of the question. He had nothing before his eyes but the eternal uniform, corset, or dress-coat—objects chilling to the artist, and affording little scope to imagination. By and by even the most ordinary merits disappeared, one by one, from his productions; and they still enjoyed the highest reputation, though real judges and artists only shrugged their shoulders as they looked at the work of his hand.

These mute but significant criticisms of the discerning few never reached the ears of the artist, intoxicated as he was with vanity and false fame.

He already too approached the period of maturity in age and intellect, and was rapidly acquiring a respectable corpulence. He now met in the journals with such expressions as these:—"Our respectable Andréi Petróvitch—our veteran of the pencil, Andréi Petróvitch." He now received many honorary appointments in public institutions; was frequently invited to examinations and to committees. He began, as people infallibly do on reaching a certain age, to stand up sturdily for the old masters, not from any profound conviction of their wonderful merits, but in order to throw their names in the teeth of young artists. He did not hesitate to fly in the face of the doctrines he had advocated some years previously. According to him, labor was everything, inspiration a mere name; and he affirmed that, in art, all things should be subjected to the severest rules.

Fame can give no satisfaction to one who has not earned, but stolen it. It produces a constant thrill only in the heart conscious of having deserved it. Tcharkóff no longer valued fame. All his feelings and desires were turned towards gold. Gold became his passion, his delight, the object of his being. Bank-notes filled his portfolios, piles of gold his coffers; but, like all avaricious men, he grew sour, selfish, inaccessible to everything but money—cold-hearted and penurious. He was gradually sinking into an unhappy miser, when an event came to pass which gave his whole moral being a terrible and awakening shock.

Returning home one day, Tcharkóff found lying on his table a letter, in which the Academy of Arts, invited him, as one of its most distinguished members, to give his opinion of a new picture just arrived from Italy, the work of a Russian artist who had long studied there. The painter, who had been a schoolfellow of Tcharkóff's, imbued, even as a boy, with a fervent passion for art, had nearly torn himself from home and friends from all the pleasures and habits of his age and country, to toil and study in the renowned Italian city, whose very name thrills the painter's heart. There he condemned himself to solitude and uninterrupted labor. Men spoke of his eccentricity, of his ignorance of the world, of his neglect of all the customs of society, of the disgrace he cast on the artist's profession by his dress, which was beneath his station, and by his frugality, which was almost penury. He cared nothing for scoff and reproach. Regardless of the world's comments, he gave himself up to his art. Unweariedly did he haunt the galleries; hour after hour, day after day, he stood before the works of the great masters, striving to penetrate their secrets. He never finished a picture without comparing it many times with the productions of those mighty teachers, and reading in their creations silent but eloquent counsel. He engaged in no arguments or disputes, but accorded to every school the honor it deserved; and after aiming at acquiring what was most meritorious in each, at length addicted himself to the study of the immortal Raphael; like a student of letters, who, after read-

ing and rereading the works of a multitude of authors, at last confines himself to the writings of one whom he conceives to unite the chief beauties of all the others, superadding graces none of them possess. After many years of persevering application and gradual progress, the artist left the schools, possessing pure and elevated ideas of composition, great powers of conception, and an execution that charmed alike by its delicacy and force. But, with the modesty of true genius, he still allowed a considerable time to elapse before he ventured to submit a picture to the verdict of his countrymen.

On entering the exhibition-room, Tcharkóff found it thronged with visitors, grouped before the painting. Silence, such as is rarely met with amongst a numerous collection of amateurs, reigned throughout the crowd. Assuming the knowing and supercilious look of an acknowledged connoisseur, he approached the picture, prepared to cavil and find fault, or at best, to damn with faint praise. But the canting phrase of conventional criticism died away upon his lips at the sight he there beheld. Faultless, pure, gracious and beautiful as some fair and virgin bride was the noble production of genius that met his astonished gaze. With wonder and admiration he recognized the work of a pencil that revived the glories of ancient art. A profound study of Raphael was manifest in the noble elevation of the attitudes; there was a something Correggian in the skilful handling and careful finish. But there was no servile imitation of any painter; the artist had sought and found in his own soul the divine spark that gave life to his creation. Not an object in the picture, however trifling, but had been the subject of a profound study; the law of its constitution had been analyzed, and its general organism investigated. And the painter had caught that flowing roundness of line which pervades all nature, but which no eye ever sees save that of the creator-artist—that roundness which the mere copyist degrades into points and angles. He had poetized, whilst faithfully representing, the commonest objects of external nature. A feeling of awe mingled with the admiration that kept the crowd profoundly silent. Not a whisper was heard, not a rustle or a sound, for some time after the arrival of Tcharkóff. All were absorbed in contemplation of the masterpiece; and in the eyes of the more enthusiastic tears of delight were seen to glisten. Tcharkóff himself stood open-mouthed and motionless before the wonderful painting, whose merits and beauties the spectators at last began to discuss. He was roused from abstraction by being appealed to for his opinion. In vain did he strive to resume his dignified air, and to give utterance to the musty commonplace of criticism. The contemptuous smile was chased from his features by the workings of emotion; his breast heaved with a convulsive sob, and after a moment's violent but ineffectual struggle, he burst into tears and rushed wildly from the hall.

A few minutes later he stood motionless, almost

paralyzed, in his own magnificent studio. The bandage had fallen from his eyes. He saw how he had squandered the best years of his youth; how he had trampled and stifled the spark of that fire once burning within him, which might have been fanned until it blazed up into grandeur and glory, and extorted tears of gratitude and admiration from a wondering world. All this he had sacrificed and thrown away, heedlessly, madly, brutally. There suddenly revived in his soul those enthusiastic aspirations he once had known. He caught up a pencil and approached a canvass. The sweat of eagerness stood upon his brow; his soul was filled with one passionate desire—one solitary thought burned in his brain. The zeal for art, the thirst for fame he once so strongly felt, had suddenly returned, evoked from their lurking-place by the mute voice of another's genius. And why, Tcharkóff thought, should not he also excel? His hand trembled with feverish impatience till he could scarcely hold the pencil. He took for his subject a fallen angel. The idea was in accordance with his frame of mind. But, alas! how soon he was convinced of the vanity of his efforts! His hand and imagination had been too long confined to one line and limit, and his fierce but impotent endeavor to overleap the barrier, to break his self-imposed fetters, had no result. He had despised and neglected the fundamental condition of future greatness—the long and fatiguing ladder of study and reflection. Maddened by disappointment, furious at the conviction of impotency, he ignominiously dismissed from his studio all his later and most esteemed productions, to which places of honor had been accorded—all his lifeless, senseless, fashionable portraits of hussars, ladies of fashion, and privy councillors. He then shut himself up, denied himself to all visitors, and sat down to work, patient and eager as a young student. For a while he labored day and night. But how unsatisfactory, how cruelly ungrateful was all that grew under his pencil! Each moment he found himself checked and repulsed in the new path he fain would have trodden by the wretched mechanical tricks to which he had so long habituated himself. They stood on his road, an impassable barrier. In spite of himself he recurred to the old commonplace forms; the arms would arrange themselves in one graceless position; the head assume the old hackneyed attitude; the folds of dress refuse to drape themselves otherwise than they had so long been wont to do in his hands. All this the unhappy artist plainly felt and saw. His eyes were open to his heinous faults, but he lacked the power to correct them.

"Surely I *had* ability!" said he to himself; "or was it mere delusion? Could I not, under any circumstances, have done better than I have? Did the whispers of youthful vanity mislead me?" And, to settle this doubt, he hunted out some of his early pictures, which lay neglected in a corner of his painting-room—pictures he had labored at long ago, when his heart was pure from avarice, and he dwelt in his poor garret in the lonely Va-

silievskü Ostrov, far from the world, from luxury and covetousness. He examined them attentively, and the conviction forced itself upon him with irresistible strength, that he had sacrificed genius at the altar of mammon. "I had it in me!" was his agonized exclamation. "Everywhere, in all of these, I behold traces and proofs of the power I have recklessly frittered away."

Covering his face with his hands, Tcharkóff stood silent, full of bitter thoughts, rapidly but minutely reviewing the whole of his past life. When he removed his hands he started, and a thrill passed over him, for he suddenly encountered the gaze of two piercing eyes glittering with a sombre lustre, and seeming to watch and enjoy his despair. A second glance showed him they belonged to the strange portrait which he had bought, many years before, in the Stehúkin Dvor. It had remained forgotten and concealed amidst a mass of old pictures, and he had long since forgotten its existence. Now that the gaudy, fashionable pictures and portraits had been removed from the studio, there it was, peering grimly out from amongst his early productions. Tcharkóff remembered that, in a certain sense, this hideous portrait had been the origin of the useless life he had so long led and now so deeply deplored; that the hoard of gold discovered in its frame had developed and fostered in him those worldly passions, that sensuality and love of luxury, which had been the bane of his genius. Calling his servants, he ordered the hateful picture to be taken from the room, and bestowed where he should never again behold it. Its departure, however, was insufficient to calm his agitation and quell the storm that raged within him. He was a prey to that rare moral torture sometimes witnessed when a feeble talent wrestles unsuccessfully to attain a development above its capacity—a furious endeavor which often conducts young and vigorous minds to great achievements, but whose result to old and enervated ones is more frequently despair and insanity. Tcharkóff, when convinced of the futility of his efforts, became possessed by the demon of envy, who soon monopolized and made him all his own. His complexion assumed a bilious yellow tint; he could not bear to hear an artist praised, or look with patience at any work of art that bore the impress of genius. On beholding such, he would grind his teeth with fury, and the expression of his face became that of a maniac.

At last he conceived one of the most execrable projects the human mind ever engendered; and, with an eagerness approaching to frenzy, he hastened to put it into execution. He bought up all the best pictures he could find in St. Petersburg, and whose owners could be induced to part with them. The prices he gave to tempt sellers were often most extravagant. As soon as he had purchased a picture, and got it safely home, he would set upon it with demoniac fury, tearing, scratching, even biting it; and, when it was utterly defaced, and rent into the smallest possible fragments, he would dance and trample on it, laughing like a

fiend. The enormous fortune he had accumulated during his long and successful career as a fashionable portrait-painter, enabled him largely to indulge this infernal monomania. To this abominable end he, Tcharkóff, but a short time before so avaricious, became reckless in his expenditure. For this he untied the strings of his bags of gold, and scattered his rubles with lavish hand. All were surprised at the change, and at the rapidity with which he squandered his fortune, in his zeal, as it was supposed, to form a gallery of the noblest works of art. In the auction room, none cared to oppose him, for all were certain to be outbid. He was held to be mad, and certainly his conduct and appearance justified the presumption. His countenance, of a jaundiced hue, grew haggard and wrinkled; misanthropy and hatred of the world were plainly legible upon it. He resembled that horrid demon whom Pushkin has so ably conceived and portrayed. Save an occasional sarcasm, venomous and bitter, no word ever passed his lips, and at last he became universally avoided. His acquaintances, and even his oldest friends, shunned his presence, and would go a mile round to escape meeting him in the street. The mere sight of him, they said, was enough to cloud their whole day.

Fortunately for society and for art, such an unnatural and agitated existence as this could not long endure. Tcharkóff's mental excitement was too violent for his physical strength. A burning fever and furious delirium ravaged his frame, and in a few days he was but the ghost of his former self. The delirium augmented, and became a permanent and incurable mania, in some of whose paroxysms it was necessary to bind him to his couch. He fancied he saw continually before him the singular old portrait from the Stehúkin Dvor! This was the more strange, because since the day he had turned it out of his studio, it had never once met his sight. But now he raved of its terrible living eyes, which haunted him unceasingly, and when this fancy came over him, his madness was something terrific. All the persons who approached his bed he imagined to be horrible portraits; copies, repeated again and again, of the old man with the fiendish eyes. The image multiplied itself perpetually; the ceiling, the walls, the floor, were all covered with portraits, staring sternly and fixedly at him with living eyes. The room extended and stretched out to a vast and interminable gallery, to afford room for millions of repetitions of the ghastly picture. In vain did numerous physicians seek to discover, with a view to the alleviation of the poor wretch's sufferings, some secret connection between the incidents of his past life and the strange phantom that thus eternally haunted him. No explanation or clue could be obtained from the patient, who continued to apostrophize the portrait in disconnected phrase, and to utter howls of agony and lamentation. At last his existence terminated in one last horrible paroxysm. His corpse was frightful to behold; of his once comely form, a yellow shrivelled skeleton was all that remained. A few thousand rubles were the

sole residue of his wealth ; and his disappointed heirs, beholding numerous drawers and closets full of torn fragments that had once composed noble pictures, understood and cursed the odious use to which their relative had applied his princely fortune.

CHAPTER II.

A number of carriages, caleches, and drójkis were drawn up in the vicinity of a handsome mansion in one of the best quarters of St. Petersburg. It had been the residence of a rich virtuoso, lately deceased, and whose pictures, furniture, and curiosities, were now selling by auction. The large drawing-room was filled with the most distinguished amateurs of art in St. Petersburg, mingled with brokers and dealers on the look-out for bargains, and with a large sprinkling of those idlers who, without intending to purchase, frequent auctions to kill a morning. The sale was in full activity, and there was eager competition for the lot then up. The biddings succeeded each other so rapidly, that the auctioneer was scarcely able to repeat them. The object so many were eager to possess, was a portrait, which could hardly fail to attract the attention even of persons who knew nothing of pictures. This painting, which possessed a very considerable amount of artistical merit, and had apparently been more than once restored, repaired, and cleaned, represented the tawny features of an Oriental, attired in a loose costume. The expression of the face was singular, and by no means pleasant. Its most striking feature was the extraordinary and unaccountable look of the eyes, which, by some trick of the artist, seemed to follow the spectator wherever he went. Every one of the persons there assembled was ready to swear that the eyes looked straight at him ; and, what was yet more unaccountable, the effect was the same whether the beholder stood on the right, or on the left, or in front of the picture. This peculiarity it was that had made so many anxious to possess a portrait whose subject and painter were alike unknown. Gradually, however, many of the amateurs ceased their biddings, for the price had become extravagant, and at last only two continued to compete—two rich noblemen, both enthusiastic lovers of the eccentric in art. These still continued the contest, grew heated with their rivalry, and were in a fair way to raise the price to something positively absurd, when a by-stander stepped forward and addressed them. "Before this contest goes further," he said, "permit me to say a few words. Of all here present, it is I, I believe, who have the best right to the portrait in dispute."

All eyes were turned to the speaker. He was a tall, handsome man, of about thirty-five, with a pleasant, cheerful countenance, a careless style of dress, and long black curls flowing down his neck. He was personally known to many present, and the name of B——, the artist, was circulated through the room.

"Extraordinary as my words may appear to you," he resumed, perceiving he had fixed the

general attention, "I can explain them if you are disposed to give me five minutes' audience. I have every reason to believe that this portrait is one I have long sought in vain."

Curiosity was expressed on every countenance ; the auctioneer stood open-mouthed and with uplifted hammer ; all entreated B—— to tell his tale. The artist at once complied.

"You are all acquainted," he said, "with the quarter of St. Petersburg known as the Kolómna, and aware that it is chiefly occupied by persons either in poverty, or whose resources are exceedingly limited, many of whom, compelled by unforeseen circumstances to outstrip their limited income, frequently find themselves in want of immediate and temporary assistance ; compelled, in short, to apply to money-lenders. In consequence of this, there has settled amongst them a particular class of usurers, who supply petty sums on satisfactory pledges, and at enormous interest. These pawnbrokers on a small scale are generally far more pitiless than the aristocratic usurer, whose customers drive to his door in their carriages. Compunction, humanity, a feeling of pity for the unfortunates upon whose need they fatten, never by any chance enter their breast. Amongst these callous extortioners there was one who, at a certain period of the last century, under the reign of the Empress Catherine II., had been settled for some years in the Kolómna. He was an extraordinary and enigmatical personage, of whom none knew anything ; he wore a flowing Asiatic dress, his complexion was swarthy as an Arab ; but to what nation he really belonged, whether Hindoo, or Greek, or Persian, none could decide. His tall stature, his tawny, withered, wiry face, with its tint of greenish bronze, his large eyes full of sullen fire, shadowed by thick and overhanging brows ; every point in his appearance, in short, made a strong and marked distinction between him and the other inhabitants of the quarter. His very dwelling was quite unlike the little wooden houses which surrounded it. It was a large brick building, in the style of those often constructed by the Genoese merchants, with windows of different sizes disposed at irregular distances, with iron shutters and hasps. This usurer was distinguished from all others by the circumstance that he could always supply any sum of money required, and would accommodate alike the needy groom and the extravagant noble. At his door were often to be seen brilliant equipages, through whose windows might sometimes be discerned the head of a luxurious and fashionable lady. Rumor said that his iron chests teemed with countless heaps of money, plate, diamonds, and all kinds of valuable pledges, but nevertheless he was reported less greedy than the other money-lenders. He made no difficulty, people said, to lend, and was apparently far from oppressive in fixing the terms of payment. But on the day of reckoning, it was observed, that by some extraordinary arithmetical calculation, he made the interest mount up to an enormous sum : such, at least, was the popular report. The strangest thing about him, however,

and which struck everybody, was the fatality that seemed to attach to his loans; all who borrowed of him finished their lives in an unhappy manner. Whether this was a mere popular notion, a stupid superstitious gossip, or a rumor intentionally disseminated, has ever remained a mystery. But it is a fact that many things occurred to give it validity, and that within a comparatively short period of time. Amongst the aristocracy of the day, there was one young man who particularly attracted the attention of society. He was of ancient descent and noble blood; had very early distinguished himself in the service of the empire, as a warm protector of everything honorable and elevated, and as a passionate lover of art and genius. He was soon distinguished by the personal notice of the empress, who confided to him the duties of an office peculiarly adapted to his tastes and talents—an office which gave him power to be of the greatest service not only to science, but to humanity itself. The young noble surrounded himself with artists, poets, scholars, and men of learning. To all of them he promised employment, patronage, protection. He undertook, at his own expense, a number of important publications, gave a multitude of orders to artists, founded prizes for excellence, spent enormous sums in this unselfish manner, and at length got into difficulties. Full, however, of generous enthusiasm, and unwilling to leave his work half finished, he borrowed money in all directions, and at length found his way to the famous usurer in the Kolómna. Having obtained from this man a very extensive loan, the young noble all at once underwent a complete transformation. He became, as by enchantment, the enemy of rising intellect and talent, the persecutor of all he had previously protected. It was just then that the French Revolution broke out. This event gave him a handle for suspicion. In everything he detected some revolutionary tendency; in every word, in every expressed opinion, he saw a dangerous hint or perfidious insinuation. The disease gained on him till he almost began to suspect himself. He laid false informations, fabricated the foulest charges, and caused the ruin of numbers of innocent people. At first, his guilty manœuvres were undetected, and, when found out, they were thought to proceed from insanity. Report was made to the empress, who deprived him of his office. But his severest sentence was the contempt he read in the faces of his countrymen. I need not describe the sufferings of this vain and insolent spirit, the tortures he endured from crushed pride, defeated ambition, ruined expectations. At last his monomania—for such it must surely have been—aggravated by regret and chagrin, became insanity, and in a frightful paroxysm the unhappy maniac committed suicide.

“Not less remarkable than the fate of this wretched young man was that of a lady who passed at that time for the most beautiful woman in St. Petersburg. My father has often assured me, that he never beheld anything to be compared to her. Possessing, besides her beauty, the not less

fascinating charms of wit, intellect, wealth, and high rank, she was of course surrounded by a swarm of admirers. The most remarkable of these was Prince R., the flower of all the young nobles of that day, and to whom the palm was universally conceded, not only for beauty of person, but for high qualities and chivalry of character. He was well qualified for a hero of romance, or a woman's beau-ideal. Deeply and passionately enamored of the young countess, his affection met with as pure and ardent a return. But her relations disapproved the match. The prince's paternal estates had passed out of his hands—his family was in disgrace at court, and the derangement of his finances was no secret to anybody. Suddenly he left the capital, apparently for the purpose of putting his affairs in order; and after a brief absence, reappeared and commenced a life of splendid extravagance. His balls and entertainments were so magnificent as to attract the notice of the court, and, it was rumored, to mollify imperial displeasure. The countess' father became suddenly gracious, and soon nothing was talked of in St. Petersburg but the marriage of the two lovers. Of the origin of the enormous fortune of the bridegroom, to which this change in the sentiments of his future father-in-law was unquestionably to be attributed, nobody could give a distinct account, though it was pretty generally whispered that he had entered into a compact with the mysterious money-lender of the Kolómna, and from him obtained a large loan. Be this as it may, the wedding formed the whole talk of the town. Bride and bridegroom were the objects of universal envy. Everybody had heard of their beauty and virtues, of their ardent and constant love; and all rejoiced that the obstacles to their union were removed. Numerous were the prophetic pictures drawn of the blissful existence the young couple were certain to enjoy. The event proved very different. In one twelvemonth a total and terrible change took place in the character of the prince. Hitherto noble, generous, and confiding, he became, on a sudden, jealous, suspicious, impatient, and capricious. He was the tyrant and tormentor of his wife; and, to the unbounded astonishment of everybody who had known him before his marriage, treated her with inhuman brutality, and was even known to strike her! In one year the beautiful and dazzling girl, who was followed by a crowd of obedient adorers, could not be recognized in the careworn and unhappy wife. At length, unable longer to support the cruel yoke of such a marriage, she sought a separation. At the first notification of this step, the prince gave way to the most uncontrolled fury—burst in her chamber, and would infallibly have stabbed her, had he not been seized and removed by force. Mad with rage, he turned his weapon upon himself, and lay a corpse at the feet of his horror-stricken friends. Besides these two incidents, which attracted great notice in the higher circles, a number of other instances were cited as having occurred amongst the lower classes, where the loans of the mysterious usurer had brought misfortune in their train. One

man, previously a sober and honest artisan, had become a confirmed drunkard, and died in the hospital; a shopman had robbed his master; an *izvózhik*, for years noted for his honesty, had cut the throat of a customer in order to rob him of an insignificant sum. All these persons, and many others, who sank into misery and crime, or perished by violent deaths, had been customers of the mysterious Asiatic, of whom these stories, related, as they often were, with additions and exaggerations, inspired the quiet and peaceable inhabitants of the Kolómna with an involuntary horror. Nobody doubted the real presence of the evil spirit in this man. They said that he exacted conditions which made one's very hair stand on end, and which none of his unhappy clients dared disclose; that his money had a mysterious property of attraction; that the coins were marked with strange characters, and grew red-hot of their own accord. In short, there were a thousand extravagant reports. But what is most remarkable is, that this population of Kolómna, made up of pensioners, half-pay officers, petty functionaries, obscure artists, and others equally necessitous, preferred bearing the utmost distress to having recourse to the dreaded money-lender. They all declared they would rather mortify their bodies than destroy their souls. Those who met him in the street hurried by with an uneasy sensation, making way for him with anxious submissiveness, and looking long over their shoulders at the tall, lean figure as it lost itself in the distance. His singular frame might well have been the receptacle of a supernatural and unholy spirit. The wild and deeply-cut features had something different from humanity; the extraordinary thickness of the shaggy eye-brows; the bronze glow of the countenance; the frightful eyes, with their steady unsupportable glare; even the broad folds of the oriental dress were, each in turn, the subject of uneasy and suspicious comment. My father told me, that when he met him he could not avoid stopping to gaze at him; and it invariably occurred to him that he had never seen, either in painting or life, a face that so completely came up to his notion of a demon.

"But I must make you, as briefly as possible, acquainted with my father, who is the real hero of my tale. He was a remarkable man, a self-taught painter, seeking principles in his own mind, and elaborating, without master or school, rules and laws of art, led onward by the mere thirst for excellence, and advancing, under the influence of causes which he himself, perhaps, could not have defined, along a path marked out for him only in his own mind. He was one of those children of genius whom contemporaries so often stigmatize as ignorant, because they have struck out a track for themselves, and whose ardor is to be chilled neither by censure nor failures; whence, on the contrary, they derive fresh vigor and courage. Aided only by his own lofty instincts, he attained to the true understanding of what historical painting should be. Scriptural subjects, the last and loftiest step of high art, chiefly occupied his pencil. Free from

the feverish, irritable vanity and paltry envy so common amongst artists, he was a firm, upright, honorable man, a little rough and unpolished in externals—the husk rather rugged—and with a share of honest pride and independent feeling which sometimes imparted to his manner an air of mingled bluntness and condescension. 'I care nothing for your fine folks,' he would say. 'I don't work for them. I don't paint drawing-room pictures. Those who understand my work best reward me for it. I do not blame fashionable people for not understanding art; how should they? They understand their cards; they are judges of wine and horses. 'Tis enough. When they do pick up a crude notion or two on the subject of painting, they become intolerable by their assumption. I prefer, a thousand times, the man who honestly confesses he knows nothing about art, to your *ignoramus* who comes in with a solemn affectation of connoisseurship, claiming to be a judge, talking about things he does not understand, and consequently talking nonsense.' By no means a covetous man, my father painted for very modest remuneration, contented to earn sufficient for the support of his family, and for providing the means of exercising his art. Generous in the extreme, his hand was ever open to less successful artists. Imbued with a fervent and profound sense of religion, it was that, perhaps, which enabled him to communicate to the faces he painted an elevation of religious sentiment that the most brilliant pencils often fail to give. In course of time, and aided by obstinate industry and unflinching perseverance, his talent attracted the attention and commanded the respect even of those who had at first sneered at him as a *home-made* artist. He received numerous orders for altar-pieces and other church pictures, and labored incessantly. One picture, in particular, engaged his closest attention. The subject I forget, but I know that the great enemy of mankind was to be introduced. Long did my father meditate on this figure; he desired to embody in the countenance the expression of every evil passion that afflicts fallen humanity. Whilst reflecting on the subject, and conjuring up horrible countenances in his imagination, the strange features of the mysterious money-lender frequently recurred to him; and, as often as they did so, he said to himself, 'The usurer would be a fine model for my Devil.' One day, whilst he was busy planning his great work, and making sketches, with which he had difficulty in pleasing himself, there was a knock at his studio door, and the next instant, to his infinite astonishment, the usurer entered the room. My father has since told me that on beholding him he felt an inexplicable chill and shudder come over his whole frame.

"'You are an artist?' said the intruder, abruptly.

"'I am,' replied my father, and wondered what was coming next.

"'I want my portrait painted. I have not long to live. I have no children, and I do not wish to die altogether. Can you paint a portrait of me that shall be exactly like life?'

"My father reflected for a moment. 'Nothing could be more opportune,' thought he to himself; 'he comes of his own accord to sit to me for my Devil.' And he at once agreed to satisfy his singular visitor. Hour and price were stipulated, and the next day, my father, bearing palette and brushes, repaired to the abode of his new sitter. The gloomy court-yard, surrounded by high walls; the watch-dogs; the iron doors and shutters; the arched windows; the huge coffers, covered with strange, outlandish-looking carpets; and, above all, the grim, gloomy visage of the master of the house, seated immovable before him—all these conspired to produce a strong impression on his mind. The windows were closed and darkened; a single pane in the upper part of one of them admitted a strong ray of light. My father forgot the strange repute of his sitter in zeal for his art. 'How splendidly the fellow's face is lighted up!' he thought to himself, and set to work with furious eagerness, as though fearful of losing the favorable moment. 'What vigor! what light and shade!' he exclaimed, inaudibly. 'If I can get him in only half as vigorously as he sits there, the portrait will beat everything I have done; he will walk out of the canvass. What extraordinary features; what depth in the lines and furrows!' he repeated to himself, redoubling his fervor at every stroke, as he observed trait after trait rapidly transferring itself to the canvass. But, whilst proceeding with his work, he insensibly became aware of a strange feeling of oppression and uneasiness that crept over him, he knew not how or wherefore. Disregarding it, he persisted in following, with the strictest fidelity and most scrupulous care, every line, and tone, and shade in the extraordinary countenance of his model. To the eyes he gave his chief attention. At first they nearly made him despair. So peculiar and penetrating was their expression, so unlike were they to any eyes he had ever encountered, that it seemed an almost hopeless task to attempt to render them in a picture. Nevertheless he persevered, resolved, at whatever cost of pains and time, to follow them in their minute details, and thus to penetrate, if possible, the mystery and secret of their expression. But whilst engaged in this work, whilst diving, as it were, with his pencil, into the recesses of those mysterious orbs, the uneasiness he had before felt rapidly increased, and there arose in his soul such an inexplicable loathing, such an overpowering sensation of vague horror, that he was several times obliged to suspend his work, and it was only by a violent effort he could bring himself to resume it. At last this unaccountable feeling fairly mastered him; he could no longer bear to look upon those horrible eyes, whose demon-like gaze filled him with dismay. He closed the sitting. But the next day, and the one after that, the same thing occurred; after painting for a short time he invariably became agitated, excited, and unable to proceed. Each day these sensations increased in strength, until they became positive torture, and at last my father threw down his brush, declaring he

would paint no more. Extraordinary was the effect produced upon the mysterious usurer by this declaration. By the most touching and humble entreaties, and by promises of munificent reward, he essayed, but in vain, to induce my father to retract his decision and resume his task. He even prostrated himself before him and implored him to terminate the picture, saying that upon its completion hung his fate, and his very existence. And then he threw out dark and confused hints of supernatural agency, by which, if his living features were once faithfully represented, his soul would be in some sort transferred to the portrait, and be saved from complete annihilation, or a yet worse doom. Terror-stricken at these strange and fearful words, my father threw down pencil and palette and rushed from the house. He could not sleep that night for meditating on this occurrence. The next morning he received back the unfinished portrait, brought to his house by an old woman, the only human being who lived with the usurer. She left also a message, that her master returned the portrait, because he did not want and would not pay for it. A few hours afterwards, on going out, my father learned that the usurer of the Kolómna had died that morning. There was a mystery in all this which my father neither was able nor desired to solve.

"Dating from that day, a perceptible and unfavorable change took place in my father's character. Without apparent cause he became irritable, restless, and unhappy, and a very short time elapsed before he became guilty of an act of which none supposed him capable. About this period, the works of one of his pupils had attracted the attention of a small circle of judges and amateurs of art. My father from the first had perceived and appreciated this young man's talent, and had shown himself particularly well-disposed towards him. Suddenly, as if by a spell, envy and hatred were generated in his mind. The general interest excited by the pupil became intolerable to the master, who could not hear with patience the name of the rising genius. At length, to fill up the measure of his mortification, he learned that the young man had been preferred to paint a picture for a splendid church then just completed. This drove my father frantic. Previously the most upright and honorable of men, he now condescended to the pettiest intrigues and manœuvres—he who, up to that time, had regarded with horror and contempt all that bore the semblance of intrigue. By dint of caballing, he succeeded in obtaining an open competition for the work in question; whoever chose, was at liberty to send in his pictures, and the best would obtain the preference. Having brought this about, he secluded himself in his studio and applied himself to the task with intense ardor, summoning up all his great energy, skill, and experience of art. As was to be expected, the result was one of his very finest pictures. As a work of art, it was unquestionably the best. When my father saw it placed beside those of the other competitors, a smile of

triumph curled his lip, and he entertained no doubt that his would be the picture chosen to adorn the altar. The committee appointed to decide arrived, and cast approving glances at my father's painting. Before giving their verdict, however, they proceeded to examine it minutely, and at last, one of the members—an ecclesiastic of high rank, if I remember rightly—waived his hand to secure the attention of his fellow-judges, and spoke thus: 'The picture presented by this artist,' he said, 'has undoubtedly very high merit as a mere work of art; but it is unsuited to the place and purpose for which it was designed. Those countenances have nothing sacred or holy in their expression. On the contrary, you may discern in every one of them, and especially in the eyes, the traces, more or less modified, of some evil passion, a something unhallowed and almost fiendish.' Struck by this observation, all present looked at the picture: it was impossible to deny the justice of the criticism. My father rushed furiously forward eager to deny and disprove the unfavorable judgment. But he saw for the first time, with feelings of intense horror, that he had given to almost all his countenances the eyes of the money-lender. They all looked out of the canvass with such a devilish and abominable stare, that he himself could scarcely help shuddering. The picture was rejected, and, with unspeakable rage and envy, he heard the prize awarded to his former pupil. He returned home in a state of mind worthy of a demon. He abused and even ill-treated my poor mother, who sought to console him for his disappointment, drove his children brutally from him, broke his easel and brushes, tore down from the wall the portrait of the money-lender, called for a knife, and ordered a fire to be instantly lighted, intending to cut up the picture and burn it. In this mood he was found by a friend, a painter like himself, a careless, jovial dog, always in good humor, untroubled with ambition, working gayly at whatever he could get to do, and loving a good dinner and merry company.

"What the deuce are you at? what are you about to burn?" said he, going up to the portrait. 'Why, are you mad? This is one of your very best pictures! The old money-lender, I declare. By Jove! an exquisite thing! Admirably hit off! You have caught the old fellow's eyes to perfection. One would almost swear you had transplanted them from the head to the picture. They look out of the canvass.'

"We'll see how they look in the fire," said my father surlily, making a movement to thrust the picture into the grate.

"Stop, stop!" cried his friend, checking his arm. 'Give it me, rather than burn it.' My father was at first unwilling, but at last consented; and the jolly old painter, enchanted with his acquisition, carried off the portrait.

"The picture gone, my father felt himself more tranquil. 'It seemed,' he said, 'as if its departure had taken a load off his heart.' He was astonished at his recent conduct, at the malice and

envy that had filled his soul. The more he reflected, the stronger became his sorrow and repentance. 'Yes,' he at last exclaimed, with sincere self-reproach, 'God has punished me for my sins; my picture was really a shameful and abominable thing. It was inspired by the wicked hope of injuring a fellow-man, and a brother artist. Hatred and envy guided my pencil; what better feelings could I expect it to portray?' Without a moment's delay he went in search of his former pupil, embraced him affectionately, entreated his forgiveness, and did all in his power to efface from the young man's mind the remembrance of his offence. Once more his days glided on in peaceful and contented toil, although his face had assumed a pensive and melancholy expression, previously a stranger to it. He prayed more frequently and fervently, was more often silent, and spoke less bluntly and roughly to others; the rugged surface of his character was smoothed and softened.

"A long time had elapsed without his seeing or hearing anything of the friend to whom he had given the portrait, and he was one day about to go out and inquire after him, when the man himself entered the room. But his former joviality of manner was gone. He looked worn and melancholy, his cheeks were hollow, his complexion pale, and his clothes hung loosely upon him. My father was struck with the change, and inquired what ailed him.

"Nothing now," was the reply: 'nothing since I got rid of that infernal portrait. I was wrong, my friend, not to let you burn it. The devil fly away with the thing, say I! I am no believer in witchcraft and the like, but I am more than half persuaded some evil spirit is lodged in the portrait of the usurer.'

"What makes you think so?" said my father.

"The simple fact, that from the very first day it entered my house, I, formerly so gay and joyous, became the most anxious, melancholy dog that ever whined under a gallows. I was irritable, ill-tempered, disposed to cut my own throat, and every body else's. My whole life through, I had never known what it was to sleep badly. Well, my sleep left me, and when I did get any, it was broken by dreams. Good Heavens! such horrible dreams; I could not bring myself to believe they were mere dreams, ordinary nightmares. I was sometimes nearly stifled in my sleep; and eternally, my good sir, the old man, that accursed old man, flitted about me. In short, I was in a pitiable state, lost flesh and appetite, and cursed the hour I was born. I crawled about, as if drunk or stupid, tormented with a vague, incessant fear, a dread, and anticipation of something frightful about to happen, of some uncommon danger besetting me at every turn. At last, I bethought me of the portrait, and gave it away to a nephew of mine, who had taken a great fancy to it. Since then I have been much relieved; I feel as if a great stone had been rolled off my heart; I can sleep and eat,

and am recovering my former spirits. It was a rare devil you cooked up there, my boy !'

"My father listened to his friend's confession with the closest attention.

"The portrait, then, is now in your nephew's possession !" he at last inquired.

"My nephew's ! No, no ! He tried it, but could stand it no better than your humble servant. Assuredly the spirit of the old usurer has transmigrated into the picture. My nephew declares that he walks out of the frame, glides about the room ; in short, the things he tells me, pass human understanding and belief. I should have taken him for a madman, if I had not partly experienced the thing myself. He sold the picture to some dealer or other ; and the dealer could not stand it either, and got it off his hands.'

"This narrative made a deep impression upon my father. About this time he became subject to long fits of abstraction, and incessant reveries, which gradually turned to hypochondria. At last, he was firmly convinced that his pencil had served as an instrument to the evil spirit ; that a portion of the usurer's vitality had actually passed into the picture, which thus continued to torment and persecute its possessors, inspiring them with evil passions, tempting them from the paths of virtue and religion, rousing in their breasts feelings of envy and malice and all uncharitableness. A great misfortune which afflicted him shortly after, the loss, by a contagious disorder, of his wife, daughter, and infant son, he accounted a judgment of Heaven upon his sin. He determined to quit the world, and devote himself to religion and prayer. I was then nine years of age. He placed me in the Academy of Arts, wound up his affairs, and retired to a remote convent, where he shortly afterwards assumed the tonsure. There, by the severity of his life, and by the unwearied punctuality with which he fulfilled the rules of his order, he struck the whole brotherhood with surprise and admiration. The superior of the monastery, hearing of his skill as a painter, requested him to execute an altar-piece for the convent chapel. But the devout brother declared that his pencil had been polluted by a great sin, and that he must purify himself by mortification and long penance, before he could dare apply it to a holy purpose. He then, of his own accord, gradually increased the austerity of his monastic life. At last, the utmost privations he could inflict on himself appearing to him insufficient, he retired, with the blessing of the superior, to court solitude in the desert. There he built himself a hermitage out of the branches of trees, lived on uncooked roots, dragged a heavy stone with him wherever he went, and stood from sunrise to sunset with his hands uplifted to heaven, fervently praying. His penances and mortifications were such as we find examples of only in the lives of the saints. For many years he followed this austere manner of life, and his brethren at the convent had given up all hopes of again seeing him, when one day he suddenly appeared amongst them. 'I am ready,'

he said firmly and calmly to the superior : 'with the help of God, I will begin my task.' The subject he selected was the Birth of Christ. For a whole year he labored incessantly at his picture, without leaving his cell, nourishing himself with the coarsest food, and rigid in the fulfilment of his religious duties. At the end of that time the picture was completed. It was a miracle of art. Neither the brethren nor the superior were profound critics of painting, but they were awe-struck by the extraordinary sublimity of the figures. The sentiment of divine tranquillity and mildness in the Holy Mother, bending over the Infant Jesus—the profound and celestial intelligence in the eyes of the Babe—the solemn silence and dignified humility of the three Wise Men prostrate at his feet—the holy, unspeakable calm breathed over the whole work—the combined impression of all this was magical. The brethren bowed the knee before the picture, and the superior, deeply affected, pronounced a blessing on the artist. 'No mere human art,' he said, could have produced a picture like this. A power from on high has guided thy pencil, my son, and the blessing of Heaven has descended on the work of thy hands.'

"About this time I finished my education in the academy ; I received the gold medal, and at the same time saw realized the delicious hope of being sent to Italy—the cherished dream of the boy-artist. Before departing, I wished to take leave of my father, whom I had not seen for twelve years. I had heard divers reports of the extreme austerity of his life, and expected to see the withered figure of a hermit, worn-out, exhausted, macerated with fast and vigil. My astonishment was great when I beheld my father. No trace of exhaustion was on his countenance, which beamed with a joy whose source was not of this world. A beard as white as snow, and long thin hair of silvery hue floated picturesquely down his breast and along the folds of his black robe, and descended even to the cord girdling his monastic gown. Before we parted, I received from his lips precepts and counsels for the conduct of my life and for my guidance in art—precepts I have religiously remembered, and which will ever remain indelibly engraven on my soul. Three days I abode near him ; on the third, I went to ask his blessing before my departure for the artist's home, the distant and much-desired shores of Italy. Already, in the course of our long communings, he had told me the story of his life, especially dwelling on the remarkable passage I have just related. 'My son,' these were his last words, 'my conscience, tranquillized in great measure by years of prayer and penitence, has yet its uneasy moments, when I recall the circumstances connected with that portrait. I have been told that it still passes from hand to hand, occasioning misery to many, exciting feelings of envy and hatred, fostering unlawful desires and unholy thoughts. By the memory of thy mother, and by the love thou bearest me, I entreat thee, my son, truly and faithfully to perform my last request. Seek out

that portrait; sooner or later you must find it; you cannot fail to recognize it by the strange expression, and by the extraordinary fire and vividness of the eyes. Purchase it, at whatever cost, and commit it to the flames! So shall my blessing prosper thee, and thy days be long in the land.'

"How could I refuse the pledge thus touchingly required by the venerable old man? Throwing myself into his arms, I swore, by the silver locks that flowed over his breast, faithfully to do his bidding. We live in a positive age, and believers in anything bordering on the supernatural grow each day rarer. But my path was plain before me; I had promised, and must perform. For fifteen years I have devoted a certain portion of each, to a search for the mysterious picture, with constant ill-success, until to-day—at this auction."

Here the artist, suspending his sentence, turned

towards the wall where the portrait had hung. His movement was imitated by his hearers, who looked round in search of the wonderful picture, concerning which they had just been told so strange a tale. But the portrait was no longer there. A murmur of surprise, almost of consternation, ran through the throng.

"Stolen!" at last exclaimed a voice. And stolen the picture doubtless had been. Some dexterous thief, profiting by the profound attention with which the eyes of all were fixed upon the narrator, whilst all ears drank in his singular story, had managed to take down and carry off the portrait. The company remained plunged in perplexity, almost doubting whether they had really seen those extraordinary eyes, or whether the whole thing were not a fantasy, a vision, the phantom of a brain heated and fatigued by the long examination of a gallery of old pictures.

TO A REDBREAST SINGING IN AUGUST.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

OH! Redbreast, why that early trill!

The very leaves will feel alarmed,
And at that strain, so autumn-chill,
Will be of summer strength disarmed.

Nay, from this hoary apple-tree,
Large yellow leaves fall to the ground,
As, Robin Redbreast! stirred by thee,
They sympathize with that old sound.

These mists which on the morning hang
Awake such notes before their time,
For even now the cuckoo sang,
A bird that loves no chilly clime.

Then, Robin, cease awhile that song.
Till swallows thick of flight confer,
Nor do September grievous wrong,
As it the month of August were.

I love thy song, but sing not now,
Lest all the birds of summer rise
From heath and meadow, dome, and bough,
And plume their wings for southern skies.

The glow-worm yet is on the grass,
The leaves, though dark, as yet are green;
The flowers—not all yet from us pass,
But even now, it spring has been.

It seems but yesterday that we
Were gazing on pale primrose flowers,
On greening field, on leafing tree;
And thou dost hail autumnal hours!

O, sing not yet! but let the leaves
Grow russet with a slow decay;
For yet its nest the skylark weaves,
And sings—It is a summer's day.

Robin! the autumn all is thine
'Midst falling leaves to pipe thy fill;
And it *will* come, with sure decline;
Then cease, and 't will be summer still.

Summer supreme! matured from spring,
More matron-like in grace and worth,
Of heavenlier mould, a holier thing,
As God and angels homed on earth!

Howitt's Journal.

A LATE number of the *London Morning Chronicle* contains a sort of semi-assertion as to the European cabinet which was connected with the plan of Paredes for restoring monarchy in Mexico, which must carry with it, from that journal's position, some authority. It is as follows:—*Nat. Intell.*

"The return of Paredes has naturally created a great sensation in the States. The most probable result of his reëappearance on the scene of war will be to put it entirely out of Santa Anna's power to realize any of those pacific intentions which of late he has been reported to entertain. And should Paredes, as appears not impossible, reach Mexico before the fate of that city is decided, the chances of its successful resistance will be considerably improved. He and Santa Anna may perhaps agree to waive their quarrels for a time, and uniting their energies and their influence they might obtain a success which neither of them singly could hope for.

"The *Washington Union* attacks the captain of the British steamer from which Paredes landed, as having violated the neutrality of this country by introducing 'so decided an enemy into their ports, and without acquainting them with his character.' But it really does not appear that the captain knew, or any one on board knew, who Paredes was. He talked very freely of Mexican affairs, as any one else might have done. The hearty abuse of Santa Anna, in which he is said to have indulged, might have rather led the captain to look upon him as a friend, and not an enemy to the United States. As to the imputations in which some of the American papers have indulged against the English government, because Paredes was permitted to embark from Southampton, they are ineffably preposterous. England is a free country, and has no system of passports with which to fetter the motions of any man of any country who chooses to visit her shores or to leave them. As for Paredes, if he carries with him the germs of any European intrigues, it is in the *Tuileries* or the *Rue de Courcelles* that they were concocted. Christina had some time ago, and perhaps has still, the notion that it would be possible to establish the Munoz dynasty on the throne of Mexico. The expedition to the Equador, which England nipped in the bud, was intended merely as a stepping-stone to a more extensive dominion in the western hemisphere."

From Howitt's Journal.

THE SEXTON'S HERO.

BY COTTON MATHER MILLS, ESQ.

THE afternoon sun shed down his glorious rays on the grassy churchyard, making the shadow cast by the old yew-tree under which we sat seem deeper and deeper by contrast. The everlasting hum of myriads of summer insects made luxurious lullaby.

Of the view that lay beneath our gaze, I cannot speak adequately. The foreground was the grey-stone wall of the vicarage-garden; rich in the coloring made by innumerable lichens, ferns, ivy of most tender green, and most delicate tracery, and the vivid scarlet of the crane's-bill, which found a home in every nook and crevice—and at the summit of that old wall flaunted some unpruned tendrils of the vine, and long flower-laden branches of the climbing rose-tree, trained against the inner side. Beyond, lay meadow-green, and mountain-grey, and the blue dazzle of Morecombe Bay, as it sparkled between us and the more distant view.

For awhile we were silent, living in sight, and murmuring sound. Then Jeremy took up our conversation where, suddenly feeling weariness, as we saw that deep green shadowy resting-place, we had ceased speaking, a quarter of an hour before.

It is one of the luxuries of holiday-time that thoughts are not rudely shaken from us by outward violence of hurry, and busy impatience, but fall maturely from our lips in the sunny leisure of our days. The stock may be bad, but the fruit is ripe.

"How would you then define a hero?" I asked.

There was a long pause, and I had almost forgotten my question in watching a cloud-shadow floating over the far-away hills, when Jeremy made answer:

"My idea of a hero is one who acts up to the highest idea of duty he has been able to form, no matter at what sacrifice. I think that by this definition, we may include all phases of the character, even to the heroes of old, whose sole (and to us, low) idea of duty consisted in personal prowess."

"Then you would even admit the military heroes?" asked I.

"I would; with a certain kind of pity for the circumstances which had given them no higher ideas of duty. Still, if they sacrificed self to do what they sincerely believed to be right, I do not think I could deny them the title of hero."

"A poor, unchristian heroism, whose manifestation consists in injury to others!" I said.

We were both startled by a third voice:

"If I might make so bold, sir,"—and then the speaker stopped.

It was the sexton, whom, when we first arrived, we had noticed, as an accessory to the scene, but whom we had forgotten as much as though he were as inanimate as one of the moss-covered headstones.

"If I might be so bold," said he again, awaiting leave to speak. Jeremy bowed in deference to his white, uncovered head. And so encouraged, he went on.

"What that gentleman" (alluding to my last speech) "has just now said, brings to my mind one who is dead and gone this many a year ago. I may-be have not rightly understood your meaning, gentlemen, but as far as I could gather it, I think you'd both have given in to thinking poor Gilbert Dawson a hero. At any rate," said he, heaving a

long quivering sigh, "I have reason to think him so."

"Will you take a seat, sir, and tell us about him?" said Jeremy, standing up until the old man was seated. I confess I felt impatient at the interruption.

"It will be forty-five year come Martinmas," said the sexton, sitting down on a grassy mound at our feet, "since I had finished my 'prenticeship, and settled down at Lindal. You can see Lindal, sir, at evenings and mornings, across the bay; a little to the right of Grange; at least, I used to see it many a time and oft, afore my sight grew so dark; and I have spent many a quarter of an hour a-gazing at it far away, and thinking of the days I lived there, till the tears came so thick to my eyes, I could gaze no longer. I shall never look upon it again, either far off or near, but you may see it, both ways, and a terrible bonny spot it is;—in my young days, when I went to settle there, it was full of as wild a set of young fellows as ever were clapped eyes on; all for fighting, poaching, quarrelling, and such like work. I was startled myself when I first found what a set I were among, but soon I began to fall into their ways, and I ended by being as rough a chap as any on 'em. I'd been there a matter of two year, and were reckoned by most the cock of the village, when Gilbert Dawson, as I was speaking of, came to Lindal. He were about as strapping a chap as I was, (I used to be six feet high, though now I'm so shrunk and doubled up,) and, as we were like in the same trade, (both used to prepare osiers and wood for the Liverpool coopers, who get a great deal of stuff from the copses round the bay, sir,) we were thrown together, and took mightily to each other. I put my best leg foremost to be equal with Gilbert, for I'd had some schooling, though since I'd been at Lindal I'd lost a good part of what I learnt; and I kept my rough ways out of sight for a time, I felt so ashamed of his getting to know them. But that did not last long; I began to think he fancied a girl I dearly loved, but who had always held off from me. Eh! but she was a pretty one in those days! There's none like her now. I think I see her going along the road with her dancing tread, and shaking back her long yellow curls, to give me, or any other young fellow, a saucy word; no wonder Gilbert was taken with her, for all he was grave, and she so merry and light. But I began to think she liked him again; and then my blood was all afire. I got to hate him for everything he did. Afore-time I had stood by, admiring to see him, how he leapt, and what a quoter and cricketer he was. And now I ground my teeth with hatred whenever he did a thing which caught Letty's eye. I could read it in her eye that she liked him, for all she held herself just as high with him as with all the rest. Lord God forgive me! how I hated that man."

He spoke as if the hatred were a thing of yesterday, so clear within his memory were shown the actions and feelings of his youth. And then he dropped his voice, and said:

"Well! I began to look out to pick a quarrel with him! for my blood was up to fight him. If I beat him, (and I were a rare boxer in those days,) I thought Letty would cool towards him. So one evening at quoits, (I'm sure I don't know how or why, but large doings grow out of small words,) I fell out with him, and challenged him to fight. I could see he were very wroth by his color coming

and going—and as I said before, he were a fine active young fellow. But all at once he drew in, and said he would not fight. Such a yell as the Lindal lads, who were watching us, set up! I hear it yet; I could na' help but feel sorry for him, to be so scorned, and I thought he'd not rightly taken my meaning, and I'd give him another chance; so I said it again, and dared him, as plain as words could speak, to fight out the quarrel. He told me then, he had no quarrel against me; that he might have said something to put me up; he did not know that he had, but that if he had, he asked pardon; but that he would not fight no-how.

"I was so full of scorn at his cowardliness, that I was vexed I'd given him the second chance, and I joined in the yell that was set up, twice as bad as before. He stood it out, his teeth set, and looking very white, and when we were silent for want of breath, he said out loud, but in a hoarse voice, quite different from his own:

"I cannot fight, because I think it is wrong to quarrel, and use violence."

"Then he turned to go away; I were so beside myself with scorn and hate, that I called out:

"Tell truth, lad, at least, if thou dare not fight, dunnot go and tell a lie about it. Mother's moppet is afraid of a black eye, pretty dear. It shan't be hurt, but it munnot tell lies."

"Well, they laughed, but I could not laugh. It seemed such a thing for a stout young chap to be a coward, and afraid!

"Before the sun had set, it was talked of all over Lindal, how I had challenged Gilbert to fight, and how he'd denied me; and the folks stood at their doors and looked at him going up the hill to his home, as if he'd been a monkey, or a foreigner—but no one wished him good e'en. Such a thing as refusing to fight had never been heard of afore at Lindal. Next day, however, they had found voice. The men muttered the word 'coward' in his hearing, and kept aloof; the women tittered as he passed, and the little impudent lads and lasses shouted out, 'How long is it sin' thou turned quaker!' 'Good-bye, Jonathan Broad-brim,' and such like jests.

"That evening I met him, with Letty by his side, coming up from the shore. She was almost crying as I came upon them at the turn of the lane; and looking up in his face, as if begging him something. And so she was; she told me it after. For she did really like him; and could not abide to hear him scorned by every one for being a coward; and she, coy as she was, all but told him that very night that she loved him, and begged him not to disgrace himself, but fight me, as I'd dared him to. When he still stuck to it he could not, for that it was wrong, she was so vexed and mad-like at the way she'd spoken, and the feelings she'd let out to coax him, that she said more stinging things about his being a coward than all the rest put together, (according to what she told me, sir, afterwards,) and ended by saying she'd never speak to him again, as long as she lived;—she did once again though—her blessing was the last human speech that reached his ear in his wild death-struggle.

"But much happened afore that time. From the day I met them walking, Letty turned towards me; I could see a part of it was to spite Gilbert, for she'd be twice as kind when he was near, or likely to hear of it; but by-and-by she get to like me for my own sake, and it was all settled for our marriage. Gilbert kept aloof from every one, and fell into a sad, careless way. His very gait was

changed, his step used to be brisk and sounding, and now his foot lingered heavily on the ground. I used to try and daunt him with my eye, but he would always meet my look in a steady, quiet way, for all so much about him was altered; the lads would not play with him; and as soon as he found he was to be slighted by them whenever he came to quoiting, or cricket, he just left off coming.

"The old clerk was the only one he kept company with; or perhaps, rightly to speak, the only one who would keep company with him. They got so thick at last, that old Jonas would say Gilbert had gospel on his side, and did no more than gospel told him to do; but we none of us gave much credit to what he said, more by token our vicar had a brother, a colonel in the army; and as we threeped it many a time to Jonas, would he set himself up to know the gospel better than the vicar? that would be putting cart afore the horse, like the French radicals. And if the vicar had thought quarrelling and fighting wicked, and again the Bible, would he have made so much work about all the victories, that were as plenty as blackberries at that time of day, and kept the little bell of Lindal church forever ringing; or would he have thought so much of 'my brother the colonel,' as he was always talking on?

"After I was married to Letty I left off hating Gilbert. I even kind of pitied him—he was so scorned and slighted; and for all he'd a bold look about him, as if he were not ashamed; he seemed pining and shrunk. It's a wearing thing to be kept at arm's length by one's kind; and so Gilbert found it, poor fellow. The little children took to him, though; they'd be round about him like a swarm of bees—them as was too young to know what a coward was, and only felt that he was ever ready to love and to help them, and was never loud or cross, however naughty they might be. After a while we had our little one too; such a blessed darling she was, and dearly did we love her; Letty in especial, who seemed to get all the thought I used to think sometimes she wanted, after she had her baby to care for.

"All my kin lived on this side the bay, up above Kellet. Jane (that's her that lies buried near yon white rose-tree) was to be married, and nought would serve her but that Letty and I must come to the wedding; for all my sisters loved Letty, she had such winning ways with her. Letty did not like to leave her baby, nor yet did I want her to take it; so, after a talk, we fixed to leave it with Letty's mother for the afternoon. I could see her heart ached a bit, for she'd never left it till then, and she seemed to fear all manner of evil, even to the French coming and taking it away. Well! we borrowed a shandry, and harnessed my old gray mare, as I used in th' cart, and set off as grand as king George across the Sands about three o'clock, for you see it were high water about twelve, and we'd to go and come back same tide, as Letty could not leave her baby for long. It were a merry afternoon, were that;—last time I ever saw Letty laugh heartily; and for that matter, last time I ever laughed downright hearty myself. The latest crossing time fell about nine o'clock, and we were late at starting. Clocks were wrong; and we'd a piece of work chasing a pig father had given Letty to take home; we bagged him at last, and he screeched and screeched in the back part o' shandry, and we laughed, and they laughed; and in the midst of all the merriment the sun set, and that sobered us a bit, for then we knew what time it

was. I whipped the old mare, but she was a deal heavier than she was in the morning, and would neither go quick up nor down the brows, and they're not a few 'twixt Kellet and the shore. On the Sands it were worse. They were very heavy, for the fresh had come down after the rains we'd had. Lord! how I did whip the poor mare, to make the most of the red light as yet lasted. You, maybe, don't know the Sands, gentlemen. From Bolton-side, where we started from, it's better than six miles to Cart-lane, and two channels to cross, let alone holes and quicksands. At the second channel from us the guide waits all during crossing time from sun-rise to sun-set; but for the three hours on each side high water he's not there, in course. He stays after sun-set if he's fore-spoken; not else. So now you know where we were that awful night. For we'd crossed the first channel about two mile, and it were growing darker and darker above and around us, all but one red line of light above the hills, when we came to a hollow (for all the Sands look so flat, there's many a hollow in them where you lose all sight of the shore.) We were longer than we should ha' been in crossing the hollow, the sand was so quick; and when we came up again, there, again the blackness, was the white line of the rushing tide coming up the bay. It looked not a mile from us; and when the wind blows up the bay, it comes swifter than a galloping horse. 'Lord help us!' said I; and then I were sorry I'd spoken, to frighten Letty, but the words were crushed out of my heart by the terror. I felt her shiver up by my side, and clutch my coat. And as if the pig (as had screeched himself hoarse some time ago) had found out the danger we were all in, he took to squealing again, enough to bewilder any man. I cursed him between my teeth for his noise; and yet it was God's answer to my prayer, blind sinner as I was. Aye! you may smile, sir, but God can work through many a scornful thing, if need be.

"By this time the mare were all in a lather, and trembling and panting as if in mortal fright; for though we were on the last bank afore the second channel, the water was gathering up her legs; and she so tired out! When we came close to the channel she stood still, and not all my flogging could get her to stir; she fairly groaned aloud, and shook in a terrible, quaking way. Till now Letty had not spoken; only held my coat tightly. I heard her say something, and bent down my head.

"I think, John—I think—I shall never see baby again!"

"And then she sent up such a cry—so loud, and shrill, and pitiful! It fairly maddened me. I pulled out my knife to spur on the old mare, that it might end one way or the other, for the water was stealing sullenly up to the very axle-tree, let alone the white waves that knew no mercy in their steady advance. That one quarter of an hour, sir, seemed as long as all my life since. Thoughts, and fancies, and dreams, and memory, ran into each other. The mist, the heavy mist, that was like a ghastly curtain, shutting us in for death, seemed to bring with it the scents of the flowers that grew around our own threshold;—it might be, for it was falling on them like blessed dew, though to us it was a shroud. Letty told me at after, she heard her baby crying for her, above the gurgle of the rising waters, as plain as ever she heard anything; but the sea-birds were skirling, and the pig shrieking—I never caught it; it was miles away, at any rate.

"Just as I'd gotten my knife out, another sound

was close upon us, blending with the gurgle of the near waters, and the roar of the distant; (not so distant, though;) we could hardly see, but we thought we saw something black against the deep lead color of wave, and mist, and sky. It neared, and neared; with slow, steady motion it came across the channel right to where we were. O God! it was Gilbert Dawson on his strong bay horse.

"Few words did we speak, and little time had we to say them in. I had no knowledge at that moment of past or future—only of one present thought—how to save Letty, and, if I could, myself. I only remembered afterwards that Gilbert said he had been guided by an animal's shriek of terror. I only heard, when all was over, that he had been uneasy about our return, because of the depth of fresh; and had borrowed a pillion, and saddled his horse early in the evening, and ridden down to Cart lane to watch for us. If all had gone well, we should ne'er have heard of it. As it was, old Jonas told it, the tears down-dropping from his withered cheeks.

"We fastened his horse to the shandry. We lifted Letty to the pillion. The waters rose every instant with sullen sound. They were all but in the shandry. Letty clung to the pillion-handles, but drooped her head as if she had yet no hope of life. Swifter than thought, (and yet he might have had time for thought and for temptation, sir;—if he had ridden off with Letty, he would have been saved—not me.) Gilbert was in the shandry by my side.

"Quick!" said he, clear and firm. "You must ride before her, and keep her up. The horse can swim. By God's mercy I will follow. I can cut the traces, and if the mare is not hampered with the shandry, she'll carry me safely through. At any rate, you are a husband and a father. No one cares for me."

"Do not hate me, gentlemen. I often wish that night was a dream. It has haunted my sleep ever since like a dream; and yet it was no dream. I took his place on the saddle, and put Letty's arms around me, and felt her head rest on my shoulder. I trust in God I spoke some words of thanks; but I can't remember. I only recollect Letty raising her head, and calling out—

"God bless you, Gilbert Dawson, for saving my baby from being an orphan this night." And then she fell against me, as if unconscious.

"I bore her through; or, rather, the strong horse swam bravely through the gathering waves. We were dripping wet when we reached the banks in-shore; but we could have but one thought—where was Gilbert? Thick mists and heaving waters compassed us round. Where was he? We shouted. Letty, faint as she was, raised her voice and shouted, clear and shrill. No answer came. The sea boomed on with ceaseless, sullen beat. I rode to the guide's house. He was a-bed, and would not get up, though I offered him more than I was worth. Perhaps he knew it—the cursed old villain. At any rate, I'd have paid it if I'd toiled my life long. He said I might take his horn, and welcome. I did, and blew such a blast through the still, black night, the echoes came back upon the heavy air; but no human voice or sound was heard; that wild blast could not awaken the dead.

"I took Letty home to her baby, over whom she wept the live-long night. I rode back to the shore about Cart lane; and to and fro with weary march did I pace along the brink of the waters, now and

then shouting out into the silence a vain cry for Gilbert. The waters went back, and left no trace. Two days afterwards he was washed ashore near Flukeborough. The shandry and poor old mare were found half buried in a heap of sand by Arnside Knot. As far as we could guess, he had dropped his knife while trying to cut the traces, and so had lost all chance of life. Any rate, the knife was found in a cleft of the shaft.

"His friends came over from Garstang to his funeral. I wanted to go chief mourner, but it was not my right, and I might not; though I've never done mourning him to this day. When his sister packed up his things, I begged hard for something that had been his. She would give me none of his clothes, (she was a right-down having woman,) as she had boys of her own, who might grow up into them. But she threw me his Bible, as she said they'd gotten one already, and his were but a poor used-up thing. It was his, and so I cared for it. It were a black leather one, with pockets at the sides, old-fashioned-wise; and in one were a bunch of wild flowers, Letty said she could almost be sure were some she had once given him.

"There were many a text in the gospel, marked broad with his carpenter's pencil, which more than

bore him out in his refusal to fight. Of a surety, sir, there's call enough for bravery in the service of God, and to show love to man, without quarrelling and fighting.

"Thank you, gentlemen, for listening to me. Your words called up the thoughts of him, and my heart was full to speaking. But I must make up; I've to dig a grave for a little child, who is to be buried to-morrow morning, just when his playmates are trooping off to school."

"But tell us of Letty; is she yet alive?" asked Jeremy.

The old man shook his head, and struggled against a choking sigh. After a minute's pause, he said,

"She died in less than two year at after that night. She was never like the same again. She would sit thinking, on Gilbert I guessed; but I could not blame her. We had a boy, and we named it Gilbert Dawson Knipe; he that's stoker on the London railway. Our girl was carried off in teething, and Letty just quietly drooped, and died in less than a six week. They were buried here; so I came to be near them, and away from Lindal, a place I could never abide after Letty was gone."

He turned to his work, and we, having rested sufficiently, rose up, and came away.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

The Journal of Commerce, a very zealous friend of New England Congregationalism, publishes the following communication.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—In my goings-up and down in New England, these last few months, I have been confounded with what I have seen in the churches of almost all denominations, in relation to the important part of the public worship of God, which consists in singing. Would you believe it, in scarcely one church which I have been in during the last six months, have I heard any one sing (save perhaps in the doxology or in some extraordinary case) except the choir! This does amaze me. If there be any part of divine worship in which all the people should take part, it is that of the praises of God. And of all portions of our country where I expected to find the whole congregation take part in this delightful act of religious service, New England is the very first. But I found that even the all-souled Methodists are sinking down into that most wretched of all practices—of having the choir, often consisting in part or whole of hired singers, do all the singing, and the congregation sitting or standing in perfect silence. And this, too, emphatically in the land of singing-schools! Shade of Ichabod Crane! How in the world has this come about! What, in a land where everybody has gone to singing-school and learned more or less of the elements of vocal music, has it come to this, that it is impossible to train a congregation to sing 50 or 100 good tunes, in which all who can sing at all, may unite! What is the matter! Must the edification of the people—must the praise of God by the people—even by *all* the people—be sacrificed to exact harmony, to refined and elegant music, uttered indeed very often by a "thoughtless tongue."

For my part, I am not astonished to find religion in a very low state in the churches of New England, so long as a most important part of divine worship—the most popular—is so conducted that the congregation has little more interest in it than in listening with feelings very similar to those of the spectators in a theatre. This is all wrong. I would rather, infinitely rather, have the whole-hearted

singing, even if not scientific and accurate, of a good congregation of blacks in the south, than this lifeless, soulless, godless manner of conducting this portion of divine worship. The fact that it exists is proof enough that there is but little spiritual life in the churches in these parts.

I am no enemy to choirs, if they be of the right sort; but I do protest with all my might against their monopolizing the singing of the house of God. And I protest, too, against the foolish practice of allowing choirs to be eternally introducing new tunes—on purpose to prevent the congregation, in consequence of not knowing them, from taking part in the music. Very few of the new tunes, now-a-days, can be compared with many of the old ones known to almost everybody. I do not hesitate to declare that if I were pastor of a church where such a state of things exists as I have seen in very many of the best churches in New England, during the last six months, I would instantly demand a dismission, and go to the heathen rather than take another such charge. I say this in sober verity. I believe that there is a vast deal of downright wickedness in all this matter. I speak my honest opinion on the subject, without knowing, or caring to know, the opinions of others. I feel quite sure the great God whom we worship does not approve of this manner of publicly conducting his praise. I am inclined to think that David understood what was the Divine mind on this subject. And when he exclaims so often in the very psalms which he composed for the public service of Jehovah, "Let the people praise Thee, O God, yea, let *all* the people praise Thee," he did not mean to say let the choir praise Thee, O God, yea, let *all* the choir praise Thee. No, no, he meant no such thing. Nor did the Divine Being intend that he should mean so.

I hope, Messrs. Editors, that you will lift up your voice like a trumpet against this dreadful departure from the Divine pattern, as well as from what the exigencies of human nature itself demand. What can be more natural, or conduce more to edification, than for a whole congregation to join in this delightful, this heavenly portion of public worship?

From the New Orleans Picayune.

MR. KENDALL'S LETTERS FROM THE ARMY.

TACUBAYA, August 30, 1847.

THE funeral of poor Irons, General Cadwalader's aid, who was mortally wounded at Churubusco, yet who lingered until the 28th, was most numerous attended by his brother officers yesterday. The chances of war have so ordained it that some of the most gallant and popular spirits of the army should fall victims. Of Colonel Butler I have already spoken, and the memory of such men as Burke, Willoughby, Anderson, Hanson, Capron, Thornton, Preston, Johnstone, Hoffman, Easley, and others will live in the minds of those who knew them as long as recollection lasts.

Since I sent off my letters yesterday, our reports from the city are so conflicting and so contradictory that we can make little out of them. It is certain that Santa Anna yesterday reviewed no less than 14,000 troops, and those who saw them say that they made truly an imposing appearance; it is also certain that breastworks have been thrown up in the vicinity of many of the entrances to the capital; yet the friends of Santa Anna and of peace say that they have only been constructed to overawe the enemies of pacific arrangements, both within and without the walls. As regards the probabilities of peace, no one not immediately in all the secrets can form a conjecture. One hour everything looks favorable; the next comes, and not a man in the army but will tell you we are even further from an amicable adjustment than when General Taylor crossed the Rio Grande, and raised the stars and stripes at Matamoros. All is doubt and confusion, and no one knows at night when he lays himself upon his bed, what the early morning will bring forth. In the city, save the coffee-houses, billiard-rooms, and grocery stores, all places of business continue closed, while hordes of hungry *léperos* are prowling about, robbing and inciting to every species of outlawry. No property is safe, and I hear it hinted that millions of dollars, belonging to wealthy Mexican families, have been placed under a foreign flag for protection, and that the immense amount is claimed as the property of the citizens owing allegiance to that banner.

From eye-witnesses I have received a full account of the recent outrageous attack upon our wagon train in the city. A more wanton or cowardly outrage was never committed. A little French woman, who lived in a house near the scene, is said to have come out and openly harangued the rabble which assailed the unfortunate teamsters. Calling the rioters all sorts of hard names, she told them they had just found a calling for which they were fitted—that they had finally encountered a set of men without arms in their hands, and it was a fit occasion for them to show their great valor by attacking them a hundred to one. It is also said that a knot of foreigners—Frenchmen and others—who saw the outrage, were so much incensed that they proceeded to arm themselves in order to attack the miscreants; but the wagons were moved from the scene before they could be organized. Santa Anna, from a balcony of the palace, was a cool spectator of the whole affair, and had a thousand men all drawn up in front that were not ordered to move. His apologists say that he kept them there for his own safety, as amid the shouts of the crowd were cries of "Death to the wooden-legged tyrant!—Down with the traitor who wants to sell us!"

Let me give you as correct an idea as I am able

of the state of parties and feeling in the city of Mexico yesterday—as everything changes here with the sun, I cannot be responsible for the correctness of the picture to-day. In the first place, then, there is the rabble, by far the larger part of the population, who attribute the fact that the American army did not enter the city to fear. Their own manifestoes and documents all go to prove this; the opponents of Santa Anna and peace do all they can to spread the belief, and the fact that the wagon train was driven from the city, and no steps to obtain redress for the outrage or punish the offenders taken, gives coloring to the belief. These people know no more about the Nueces or the Sabine than they do about the Wabash or Salt river—care no more about the one or the other, or about any point in dispute between the two governments—but they have been nurtured amid broil and disturbance, see no pleasure except in revolution and turmoil, expect no change in their condition from peace, and look upon the Americans as their common enemy. They have no master mind among them to point out the evil and direct the right—they move on without rudder or compass, one day glorifying Santa Anna as a god, and the next kicking his mutilated limb about the gutters and dung-hills—they have all the blood-thirstiness and depravity of the French *canaille* in the worst days of the revolution, but not one tithe of the courage of the amiable co-laborers of Marat. Even up to this time it has never struck the majority of all classes that they are the most arrant cowards that Christendom has ever produced; that they have neither valor nor prowess. Adversity furnishes them no teaching—defeat exposes not their weakness and utter worthlessness. Ten of our men may chase one hundred of them until they drop from sheer exhaustion, and the moment they recover their breath they are just as valiant as ever—talk of what they are *going to do*, of how they are to expose their lives to the last gasp, and, against all odds, to vindicate the honor of their country! Forgetful entirely that there are such places as Palo Alto, Buena Vista, or Cerro Gordo, they talk of the deeds of Hidalgo and Morelos, and claim to be their valiant descendants. Take from them a province, a castle, an important stronghold, and not a whit are they the wiser as to their true merits—they shrug their shoulders, articulate "*aguarde un poco*," (wait a little,) and still believe that they are the greatest people and the greatest nation on earth, and that they are yet to come out of the war conquerors. They rely not upon Providence, much less upon their own arms; but look into the glass darkly and hope against every semblance of hope. Idle words with them stand in the relation of facts among any other people, and empty boastings pass for deeds actually performed—they imagine victories upon paper, yet do not realize defeats while yet wounded and panting on stricken fields. Such is a feeble portrait of the rabble of Mexico—of nine tenths nearly of the population—useless, worthless, abandoned, yet with a happy self-sufficiency that renders them blind to every disgrace and indifferent to every disaster. With this population we have to make peace.

The thinking portion of the liberal classes again, the *puros* or ultra-democrats in part, however much they may desire peace to protect their property, are perfectly outrageous that Santa Anna should have anything to do with the making of it. Much rather would they see an American government established at once in the capital, great as is their hate for us, than see a peace patched up with the tyrant

who has so long ruled and ridden rough-shod over them. This is the party who would do away with every shadow of a standing army, who would reduce the power and revenue of the clergy, who would do away with all monopolies, and who would cut down the offices and expenses of the government to the lowest figure. With such a people their schemes must prove Utopian, but they hate Santa Anna, and many of them will oppose every obstacle in their power to his making a peace.

Then there are the *moderados*—those who oppose alike the agrarian notions of the *puros* as well as the absolutism of the *monarquistas*—and this party embraces a large portion of the wealthy proprietors, followers of the church, and better class of society generally—they may be in favor of peace, but they are alike opposed to Santa Anna. Many of this party, notwithstanding their pride, would be rejoiced to see the United States establish a secure and safe government over them—some of them even go in for annexation at once. Santa Anna has a few friends in this party—friends only from interest; but the larger portion mistrust him, and there is everywhere a portion who will throw every obstacle in the way of his making peace. A fraction of all these parties have been mixed up in the late riot, but the majority of the malcontents have been *puros*.

Opposed to all his enemies, Santa Anna has a large portion of the officers of the army immediately around him, together with some 15,000 troops still under arms. No doubt he is anxious for peace, and will exert every means to bring it about; but time has been given him to look about him and feel the national pulse, and he will undoubtedly act as may best further his own ambitious schemes. If he finds that he can make peace and still preserve his ascendancy, which I much doubt, well and good; if not, he will probably make another show of resistance, and contrive to humbug his countrymen into the belief that he has done everything for their honor and glory. If ever man was placed in an extremity it is Santa Anna; if ever man was capable of extricating himself, he is the one. A ruler who has deceived and cheated every one with whom he has had dealings thus far has still wit enough to overcome all his enemies.

In the mean time, the congress of the state of Mexico, in session at Toluca, the capital, has protested against making peace with the United States, or coming to any terms until the blockade of all the ports is raised and all our troops are withdrawn from the territory. The governor of the state, too, Don Francisco M. de Olaguibel, has come out with a strong manifesto against peace. He is a *puro*, but a man of character and standing, a friend of Gómez Farias, who is now living at Toluca. Valencia is also there, and has recently come out with a strong paper vindicating his own conduct while in command at Contreras. To read it, one would think that on the 19th of August he had completely annihilated the entire American army—the document is Mexican all over.

I have perused a manifesto issued at Toluca, which breathes nothing but war to the very last against the United States—war without rest and war without quarter—and the writer makes it out that our future annihilation is inevitable. If there were any meaning in Mexican threats, I presume that General Scott would either capitulate or evacuate the country with his army forthwith; but these furious paper proclamations of the Mexicans, like the fierce heads and figures the Chinese paint outside their walls, frighten no one. Has it ever struck

you that the Chinese and the Mexicans resemble each other? Some of the foreigners here even call the latter the Chinese of America.

The peace commissioners have adjourned their meetings until Wednesday next, the 1st September. Rumor has it that Mr. Trist has given them their ultimatum; but this I doubt. The talk is, that both General Scott and Mr. T. are sanguine that peace will be brought about. They of course have the best chances of knowing everything, but my humble opinion is that all their hopes will prove groundless.

To get provisions out of the city, since the wagons are not permitted to enter it, our commissaries and quarter-masters are compelled to steal supplies out as best they may. For this purpose pack mules are sent to the suburbs every morning before daylight, loaded, and driven out before the mob has time to collect, while money is also clandestinely smuggled out in coaches. It is rather humiliating to be compelled to resort to such trickery in the presence of an enemy so contemptible; but as concession is the order of the day, with the hope that a speedy peace is to be brought about, I suppose it is best to put up and bear with every indignity offered. The terms of the armistice have certainly been broken in more ways than one by the Mexicans.

Yours, &c.,

G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Aug. 31, 1847.

A party under Capt. Wood, escorted by a squadron of dragoons under Capt. Hardee, went out a day or two since in the direction of Toluca after grain, and reports are current that it has been cut off by the Mexicans. At all events another party has been sent out to gain information on the subject. In the city, where there is such an immense rabble, it is a different matter; but in the country I hardly think the Mexicans will offer great molestation to any foraging party that may be sent out. We shall see.

I have conversed with several gentlemen from the city to-day, and they tell me that the general impression among the foreigners is that there can be no peace. They say that Santa Anna, much as he desires it, does not give it his consent. Congress will, of course, oppose the measure to the last, or perhaps will not meet to approve of it, which is all the same thing; but then if Mr. Bankhead gives Santa Anna a receipt that he is the government of Mexico, and is willing to acknowledge him as having full power, it makes but little difference to us what course congress may take.

There are doubtless a great many Mexicans, perhaps a large majority, who think that a few weeks' or months' inaction or delay of the Americans outside the capital will destroy their army, and hence the opposition they evince to the removal of provisions and supplies from the city. They may perhaps flatter themselves into the belief that Gen. Scott will be either forced to retire upon Puebla for want of food, or else starved into a surrender here at Tacubaya. In the mean time, they are digging intrenchments in different quarters, throwing up breastworks, and reviewing their troops. The friends of Santa Anna say, that all these preparations are made to put down anticipated revolution against himself—they are certainly in progress.

A large portion of our wounded officers are doing well—the two most difficult and dangerous cases are perhaps Lieuts. Holloway and Hamilton, and the strongest hopes are entertained that they will recover. Capt. Kearny is improving; so too is

Captain M'Reynolds and Lieut. Graham. The charge of these gallant officers, upon the garita of Mexico, after the glorious battle of Churubusco was over, was most daring. Had they been supported by a single column of infantry, the Mexicans would not have made a struggle to defend the city, so great was the panic among them; but General Worth, who was in advance, had no orders on the subject, and thus the opportunity was lost. The intercepted letters, mention of which I have already made, say that the Polkas scattered each man to his house on entering the city, and changed their uniforms with the greatest haste. No band of music playing martial airs preceded them, nor did the ladies throw bouquets and flowers upon the heads of these valiant descendants of Iturbide, as was the case when they went out to defend their capital to the last; the stampede was perfect, and we have the evidence of their own letter-writers in proof.

Yours, G. W. K.

P. S. *Nine o'clock, night.*—Major Palacios, the joint commissioner with Col. Belton to see that the terms of the armistice are carried out, has just sent word advising that the pack mules be not sent out to-morrow morning, as the authorities anticipate a mob and further acts of riot. So the war wages—humbug has the day.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 1, 1847.

The expedition under Capt. Wood, about which some fears were entertained, returned to-day in safety. At Lerma, about midway between this and Toluca, they were met by the governor of the state, Olaguibel, and were told that they could proceed no further, while the pickets of his force were seen plainly a short distance in advance. He, however, treated our officers very politely, directed them to a hacienda where they could obtain everything they wanted, and then retired. He did not leave, however, until he told Capts. Wood and Hardee that he had no respect for the armistice lately signed.

Santa Anna has issued a bando or decree, prohibiting all foreigners and others from leaving the city and visiting the lines of the Americans, unless they have a passport signed by himself. What his motives are for this obnoxious measure no one knows, but he doubtless has good reasons of his own. In the first place he issued an order, about a week since, for all families to return to the city within three days, and now he wishes to keep them there. Every one who comes out will have it—and they assert it upon the evidence of their own proper eye-sight—that the Mexicans are fortifying at different points, and especially at San Cosme. If this all be true, it is a direct violation of the armistice.

Among the guns captured at Contreras on the 20th ult. those which attract the most attention are the two taken from Lieut. O'Brien at the battle of Buena Vista, and over which the Mexicans made such a rejoicing. Is it not strange that the same company of the 4th artillery which lost the guns should have had the proud gratification of retaking them? The company was commanded by Capt. Drum at Contreras, and I learn that it is Gen. Scott's intention, after suitable inscriptions are engraved upon them, to present the guns to the company or regiment. The Mexicans will not get them back in a hurry.

A great many anecdotes of the individual gallantry of our officers are told, in connection with the glorious battles of the 20th August, but until I have

more time and obtain more full particulars I must forbear recording them. I cannot avoid noticing, however, the personal gallantry of Chaplain M'Carthy, the only chaplain I believe who has followed the army, and whose conduct at Churubusco, in particular, was noticed by all. Ever foremost, and where the balls were flying thickest, he was not only ready to give consolation to the dying, but spur on the living to fresh deeds. He not only sought the best places for crossing the ditches with which the ground was cut up, but helped our advancing soldiers across as well; and as some of the volunteers were wading a ditch more than waist deep, where their flasks were touching the water, the worthy parson pointed out the circumstance, and told them to be careful and *keep their powder dry!* Such a chaplain is worth having in a small army like ours. On Sundays he gives us a sound and sensible Episcopalian sermon, and his praise is in every mouth.

The peace commissioners met again to-day, Major Van Buren accompanying Mr. Trist, and report has it that "*the dinner on the occasion was most excellent!*" I believe it was furnished by the Mexicans, and the army wags will have it that the richness of the viands and the flavor of the wine induced a fall of one parallel of latitude in our demands. But to speak seriously, it is said that both Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist expressed themselves highly gratified with the prospects of an amicable adjustment, at the flattering chances that a peace between the two countries will be ratified. I must acknowledge that for one I shall be much astonished when I learn that a satisfactory peace to our country is signed with Santa Anna, or even any kind. The man who has cheated and humbugged every one with whom he has had diplomatic dealings thus far has not yet lost his trickery and cunning, and we are altogether too frank and honest in our transactions even to hope to make a fair bargain where nothing but dissimulation and deceit are pitted against us.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 2, 1847.

The mules, or a great part of them, sent into the city at an early hour this morning after supplies, came back unloaded, and the story is that a large building, occupied as a depot of provisions by Mr. Hargous, was broken into during the night and robbed of nearly everything—rice, flour, sugar and bacon. As bright a moon as ever shone was looking down upon the scene, patrols were in every street, and it would be deemed too great an insult upon the watchfulness of the Mexican authorities, to say that the outrage was committed without their knowledge; but as a few of the robbers were arrested just as our own men arrived at the place, they may make it appear that it was without their connivance or consent. I suppose that the matter will be amicably settled, for long-suffering and forbearance, thanks probably to instructions from Washington, are virtues which are possessed here in an eminent degree. I wish Gen. Jackson was alive and President.

Scarcely an hour passes that Santa Anna is not issuing some new bando or order. Yesterday a decree was published, prohibiting all private foreigners from hoisting the flags of their nation upon their houses—why or wherefore the deponent knoweth not. Another order was promulgated to prevent all strangers from leaving the city; and still another commanding all members of the National Guard to appear immediately at the quarters of his

regiment: if he does not comply he is to be declared a deserter in front of the enemy, sentenced besides to serve ten years in the ranks of the regular army, and, if he is in the government employ, to lose his place forever. Santa Anna says, that in moments so critical Mexico expects every one of her sons to defend her, and that now the honor of the country is at stake no one can refuse his services without shame. This talk is all very fine, but the regimental quarters of the National Guard will not be crowded to any particular state of suffocation in consequence. The valiant Polkas have not yet forgotten Churubusco.

But the richest thing which has appeared as yet is an editorial in the *Diario del Gobierno*, announcing a meeting of Santa Anna and his principal officers to talk over the affairs of the nation. Not in Don Quixotte, nor in Hudibras, nor in Pickwick even, do we find recorded a scene so exceedingly ludicrous. In the first place came forward Bravo and the renowned Alvarez, who, after congratulating the country upon the possession of so great a treasure as was he, Santa Anna, next went on to inform his excellency, the "well-merited," that they had the utmost confidence in his wisdom, valor, integrity, and all that sort of thing, to carry them safely through all the perils with which the nation was surrounded, and that they would faithfully stick by him forever and ever—which in Mexican means until they can do better. Gen. Tornel next came up, and he too beplastered Santa Anna with any quantity of soap, of such exceeding softness, that our wonder is how even the great man could withstand the application. The president had told his officers that he would resign; but with one accord they all said no—there was a unanimity about it that would almost make one believe they had been drilled beforehand not to listen for one moment to the thought of his giving up the helm of state. Santa Anna, full of emotion at seeing such extraordinary unanimity and enthusiasm, reluctantly told all his officers that, as it was *their* will, he would hold on and do his utmost, as he always had done—including risking his life ever since 1821—to steer his vessel safely through. They then all said something coinciding with Santa Anna's views as regards the question of peace, and hoping that an honorable one might be concluded, but, if the war was to be continued, they each of them begged it as a special and very particular favor to be placed in the most dangerous position that could by any possibility be found; on this point they were all clamorous. Can any one imagine a scene more supremely ridiculous! Tornel and Alvarez beseeching to be placed in positions where the danger might happen to be the greatest! There were excellent openings of this kind at Churubusco, but we do not learn that one of these *valientes* improved them.

Peace stock rather fell this evening, it somehow coming to the ears of the public that at the meeting of the commissioners this afternoon the prospects were not so flattering as they were the day previous. No fancy stock in New York ever rose and fell as rapidly as does this peace or war stock here—it goes up or down ten times where the sun does once. Santa Anna, with all the opposition his own demented countrymen may make against it, probably remains as firm in his purpose to bring it about as ever, while he has the full influence of the English and some of the other foreign ministers to back him. The Prussian minister has come out with a letter, very flattering to Santa Anna, in which he

trusts that he may be able to consummate a peace with his enemies and relieve his down-trodden country. He sees Mackintosh busying himself in the matter, and he also wishes to have a finger in the pie. In the mean time, there is certainly evidence abroad that some of the more thinking minds, both among the *puros* and *moderados*—notwithstanding their hatred and distrust of Santa Anna—are coming over to the peace party and advocating the measure. They want some protection and quiet, see none in a continuance of the war, and are even willing to assist the tyrant in his schemes as the lesser evil. We hear not a word as to the terms of the treaty, at least not a word that can be relied upon; and in case a peace is concluded we know not whether we are to have New Mexico and California, or one of them, or not a foot of either; all is doubt and most perplexing uncertainty. The commissioners, I believe, do not meet again until Saturday, the 4th inst.

Perhaps it might interest you to know the present location of the forces under Gen. Scott. He has his head-quarters here in Tacubaya, with the division under Gen. Worth. Gen. Pillow's division is at Mixcoac, about two miles south of this; that of Gen. Twiggs, about four miles further south, while Gen. Quitman's is at San Augustin. The health of the army is in the main good, although there are many on the sick report.

Yours, &c. G. K. W.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 4, 1847.

Notwithstanding the bandos to the contrary, several foreigners made their way out of the city yesterday. They state that the peace prospects were absolutely brightening apace in the capital—that many influential persons, albeit opposed to Santa Anna, were advocating the necessity of coming to terms with "los Yankees." A *junta des notables*, or convention of great men, has been called to meet to-day and talk over the affairs of the nation, and it is thought and hoped that something may grow out of it. The heavier property holders and moneyed men of the city are the ones whom Santa Anna has called upon, and their interests are for peace, of course, although their feelings are against it. The commissioners are also to meet to-day, and rumor has it that their deliberations have reached that point when something decisive must transpire. We shall see.

If peace be made, it will be the most singular that has ever been patched up since the crusades. From the time the war broke out our government has been an humble suitor at the feet of Mexico for peace—a degraded suitor would hardly be too harsh a phrase—while she has not even taken the trouble to coquette with us, at least not until now. The boasted magnanimity of our rulers has either been attributed to fear by the Mexicans in their ignorance, or scoffed at as insulting to them in their pride. Olive branches sufficient to turn the whole world into a vast community of Quakers have been worn out, yet with every scornful rejection a fresh twig has been cut and a fresh offer made. By these means victories have been robbed of their results; the Mexicans have been allowed what Napoleon never gave to his enemies—*time*. Like the man importuned to purchase of another what he knew he was obliged to sell, they have hung off for a better bargain; and now, when driven to the corner as it were, it is certainly problematical whether any offer we can make them will be accepted. I have said that if peace was made it would be a

most singular consummation. Look at it for a moment. In the first place there is Santa Anna, ambitious and most avaricious, anxious for peace and ready to sell it for a price, yet fearful of losing power and place in his own country and all claim to standing as a patriot or ruler in the eyes of the world. Watched with wary eyes by his enemies, he sees that he cannot accept bribes and be the sole master of the secret. His fears and not his honesty hold him halting as to what course to pursue. Time has been given him, and no man can work greater wonders with it than he. He has an opportunity to feel the public pulse at his leisure, and will make the most of the extension. If he finds that he can drive, coax or frighten the master-spirits around him into his own views, can gain their support and coöperation, he will pocket any money offered and sanction a peace. He wants accomplices in the crime, but no sharers in the spoils. If he ascertains that he cannot sustain himself against his enemies, he will make a virtue of being the best patriot among them, and bide the issue of another battle. So much for Santa Anna and the chances of making peace with them, but there are elements at work which will go far to obstruct his effecting its consummation. To nine tenths of the inhabitants the war, as carried on, has been a pastime—to many a harvest. While those immediately on the lines occupied by our troops have made themselves rich by it, it still has not estranged them from their own idols or made them our friends. They, from policy and a species of patriotism, wish to see the war continued. The people remote from the scenes of actual strife, in their blind pride and overweening self-confidence, have no desire for peace, because they think that any peace would be ignominious. This idea is in their heads, and cannot be driven out. I have now spoken of the poorer classes, of the mass; let us look at the rich proprietors and moneyed men. A portion of them, from selfish interest alone, are in favor of peace; their hate for the Americans is every bit as cordial and as strong as that of the mass. Perhaps even a majority of this class would rejoice if peace were made, yet not one in a hundred of this majority could be induced openly to come out and advocate it. Very few friends can Santa Anna count upon among this part of the population, while he has long since made deadly enemies of such men as Arista, Ampudia, Requena, Almonte, and a host of other officers, many of them the best Mexico has ever produced. Among those immediately around him he doubtless has many friends who will aid and stick to him—men whom he has raised to the army not from any talent they possess, but for their influence—while at the same time it is strongly suspected that two of his ministers, Tornel and Pacheco, are opposed to his schemes, and have been mainly instrumental in getting up the recent rows and preventing our army from obtaining money and supplies from the city. It is hinted at, by those who have some inkling of state secrets, that Mackintosh, the broker and disbursing agent of all the moneys appropriated towards purchasing a peace, has overlooked these worthies in making his distributions, and as they have hands open to receive the smallest favors they may have become nettled at the slight. The léperos of the city, the gentlemen armed with knives, have nothing to gain from peace, and much to hope for in the way of plunder from a continuance of the war; they are all decidedly beligerent. Not one in a hundred, perhaps not one in a thousand, of the entire community, allows rea-

son or good sense to have any part in the controversy, or thinks of the future welfare of the country. And thus stand matters at the present writing. If peace be made, it will be purchased of Santa Anna—regularly bought—and this against the wishes of nine tenths of the population. It will be purchased, too, of a weak and imbecile enemy, the vender really the worst enemy they have, while the National Congress, a body that I had almost overlooked, is opposed to the bargain. Santa Anna has the army and its leaders immediately around him, and his avarice may induce him to sign a peace with the hope that he will be able to put down the revolution that must immediately be raised against him; but I doubt whether he will do it. His fears of after consequences will overcome his avarice; his enemies will lend all their endeavors to thwart him; the time he has had to listen to peace propositions he has improved in strengthening his defences, and another battle must ensue.

I have thus hurriedly given you my opinions of to-day; circumstances may compel me to alter them to-morrow, but I have thought it best to put them in writing at all events. From the first I thought that no peace would grow out of the armistice—I think so still: but if a treaty is signed it will stand out, as I have already remarked, the most singular document of the kind on record—brought about by agencies most strange, and effected through means which reflect little credit on either party concerned.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

P. S. I was wrong in saying that the commissioners were to meet this afternoon—their next meeting is to take place on Monday next, and it will probably be the last. Report has it that the Mexicans are willing to give up what they consider the cause of the war, Texas, but only to the Nueces—New Mexico and California they say must be subjects of after stipulation. Look out for a break-up and perhaps a row at the next meeting of the commissioners.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 6, 1847.

I did not write a line yesterday, for the very good reason that there was nothing to write about. Proofs accumulated that Santa Anna was hourly breaking the armistice, by preventing supplies from coming out and by erecting breastworks within and near the city. In the evening, a *simulacro* or sham fight came off in the city, and the firing was quite brisk for a space and plainly heard out here at Tacubaya. Some thought it was a pronunciamiento or revolution against Santa Anna, but it turned out that he was only exercising his troops. Peace stock is decidedly down, but I shall make no comment until I hear what has been done by the commissioners.

Afternoon, 6 o'clock.—The farce is over, and now comes the tragedy. General Scott has sent in to Santa Anna announcing that the armistice is broken, and that at 12 o'clock to-morrow—I believe that is the hour—hostilities are to recommence. He would not give the forty-eight hours, it is said, as he had abundant evidence the Mexicans had broken the armistice over and over again.

Mr. Trist has returned from the conference, and although we cannot learn what transpired, we know that nothing was effected. From a Mexican of standing I learn that one of the commissioners on the other side handed Mr. Trist a letter of instructions from Mr. Buchanan, dated in July last, and which had been intercepted. The letter went on to say that a line running near the parallel of 32 might be accepted, at which point it would leave

the Rio Grande and branch off to California, following nearly the course of the Rio Gila. As I have said, I get this story from hearsay; if it is true, it will show that the Mexicans knew every card in Mr. Trist's hand, to use an uncommon but apt expression, before he had a chance to play them.

Night, 12 o'clock.—A white flag came in from Santa Anna half an hour since with a message. General Scott was informed that the Mexican president regretted very much the delays in getting out provisions, &c., to the Americans, that no fortifications or other works had been made, and that by to-morrow at noon the supplies could all be got out. The report is, that General Scott sent back word that if the provisions were furnished it would be an evidence of Santa Anna's desire to bring about an amicable understanding. So much for so much. A wag says that Santa Anna only wants to humbug us until he gets two cannon, east a day or two since near Chapultepec, finished and ready for use!

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 7, 1847.

This morning the enemy is making preparations for our reception in real earnest. At an early hour long lines of infantry were seen emerging from the city, filing past Chapultepec, and taking up positions at the Molino del Rey, at a strong work known as the Powder Magazine, and as is supposed at the foundry where the Mexicans cast all their cannon. I might here mention that Chapultepec is about three miles directly west of the city, that the Molino is about one thousand yards further west, and that the other positions occupied by the Mexicans stretch along at intervals in the same direction. Chapultepec itself is on a steep hill or mound, noted as the residence of Montezuma, is fortified, and is also said to be mined. From the archbishop's palace to this work is but little over or under one mile; from the former to the Molino about twelve hundred yards. The palace is nearly south of Chapultepec, which brings the new positions of the enemy directly to the left as our army faces them. Close reconnaissances of their works have been made this morning by Captain Mason, and as the destruction of the foundry is considered of paramount importance, it has been determined upon to attack the enemy to-night. A hard resistance is anticipated, as large bodies, both of cavalry and infantry, are in plain view. Four pieces of cannon have been discovered in position, and it is thought the enemy has several others so masked that they cannot be seen.

In the mean time the greatest enthusiasm exists in the army—all appear anxious again to attack an enemy whose cowardice has no parallel, and whose treachery and duplicity would shame the veriest barbarians. Unpopular as was the armistice from the first with all, and uncalled for as they deemed it, its shameful violation by the Mexicans has served but to inflame, while the infamous intentions of the Mexican leaders in signing it, now rendered so palpable, has incensed both our officers and men to a degree that the enemy will feel in any encounter that may now take place.

Night, 9 o'clock.—The plan of attack has just been settled upon at a council of officers held at General Worth's. Colonel Garland's brigade is to move on the right in the direction of the Molino, watching Chapultepec, and to be governed by circumstances. A storming party of 500 picked men, under Major Wright, and conducted by Captain Mason, is to attack the work supposed to be the

foundry. Captain Huger, with two 24-pounders, is to open upon the building as soon as it is light enough to see. Colonel McIntosh, now that Colonel Clarke is disabled, commands the 2d brigade of Worth's division, and will attack the enemy's right, Duncan's light battery and a large dragoon force under Major Sumner will act according to circumstances. To strengthen the movement, General Cadwalader's brigade is also to take a part, and will probably attack in the centre. There are many who do not approve of the attack. They think that Chapultepec should be included in the programme of the performances, but of this General Scott should be the best judge.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 8, 1847.

Forenoon, 10 o'clock.—I have just returned from another battle field—one on which the victory of the American arms was complete, and on which our troops contended against an enemy immensely superior in number and strongly posted. Gen. Worth commenced the attack at early daylight, and in less than two hours every point was carried, all the cannon of the enemy were in our possession, an immense quantity of ammunition captured, and nearly 1000 men, among them fifty-three officers, taken prisoners.

For more than an hour the battle raged with a violence not surpassed since the Mexican war commenced, and so great the odds opposed that for some time the result was doubtful. The force of the enemy has been estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000, strongly posted behind breast-works, and to attack them our small force of scarcely 3000 was obliged to approach on an open plain, and without the least cover; but their dauntless courage carried them over every obstacle, and notwithstanding the Mexicans fought with a valor rare for them, they were finally routed from one point or another until all were driven and dispersed. The defeat was total.

But to gain this victory our own loss has been uncommonly severe—it has been purchased with the blood of some of the most gallant spirits of the army. The 5th infantry has suffered the most. This regiment, along with the 6th and 8th, was engaged in the attack upon a strong work on the enemy's right, and was opposed to such superior numbers that it was compelled to retire along with the others. The celebrated Col. Martin Scott was killed in this attack, along with Lieuts. Burwell and Strong, while Col. McIntosh and many other officers were badly wounded. The worse than savage miscreants in the fort, after our men retired, set up a yell and came out and massacred such of our wounded as were unable to get off. In this way poor Burwell lost his life. Fully were they avenged, however; for within half an hour Duncan's battery, aided by the fall of another of their works, drove the dastardly wretches in full flight across the fields. No one knew or even surmised the strength of the place; it was an old fort, constructed long since, and was one of the main defences of the line of works.

On the enemy's left, and nearer Chapultepec, our loss was also great, although not as severe. It was here that Col. Wm. M. Graham, as brave a spirit as ever lived, was killed; Capt. Merrill and Ayres also fell in this part of the field. The wonder now is how any one could come out safe under such a terrible fire as the enemy poured from his entire line of works. Nothing but the daring and impetuosity of our men, who rushed onward while their

comrades were falling thick around them, gained the victory; had they once faltered all would have been lost.

The broken ground on the right of the enemy, cut up by deep ravines, saved many of Santa Anna's troops in their flight; yet, as it was, our dragoons killed and captured many of the fugitives. Large bodies of the Mexican cavalry approached the scene of strife several times, but they were driven like sheep by Duncan's battery.

The Mexican loss has been even more severe than our own. Gen. Balderas, Gen. Leon, and many other officers are numbered among the dead, while the interior of their works, the tops of the houses from which they fought, and the ground over which they fled, are strewn with lifeless bodies. Such was the panic that many of our officers say that a few fresh troops might have taken Chapultepec itself almost without a struggle; but other than a few shots fired at that point from some of the captured cannon, no demonstration was made.

After the battle was over, Gen. Scott came out, accompanied by his staff, and also by Mr. Trist. The Mexicans at the time were throwing shells at some of the wagons Gen. Worth had sent out to pick up the dead and wounded. They had placed a howitzer in position on Chapultepec at the close of the action, and now, seeing no enemy within reach, the cowardly wretches opened upon the ambulances and those who were gathering the bodies of their wounded and lifeless comrades. On seeing this worse than savage outrage, one of our officers, with a sarcastic expression of countenance, asked whether Mr. Trist had any new peace propositions in his pockets. Mackintosh did not come out after the battle to gain more time for his friend Santa Anna, nor worm out fresh intelligence of the strength and movements of our army, in order that he might be of service to the Mexicans by communicating it.

The Mexican prisoners say that Santa Anna himself was on the ground in the rear of their works, but left at the commencement of the rout. They admit that their entire force was 15,000; it is certain that, including killed, wounded, prisoners and dispersed, their loss has been near 5,000. Many of them were regulars, the 11th and 12th infantry regiments suffering most. The commander of the latter, Col. Tenorio, is a prisoner in our hands; some fourteen officers belonging to the former are also prisoners, but the commander, Gen. Perez, escaped.

The foundry, in which several moulds for casting cannon and other apparatus were found, was entirely demolished, and after ascertaining this Gen. Scott, not wishing to hold the position, ordered all the forces to retire. The whole affair, as a military movement, is severely criticised by many of our officers. They contend that no result has been gained commensurate with the immense loss we have sustained in the battle. This is a matter I do not feel myself qualified to discuss, but it must be certain that the *morale* upon the Mexicans, of a defeat so disgraceful and so disastrous, must be important. They have now (it is 5 o'clock in the afternoon) returned to their positions; and if Santa Anna was on the ground as is stated, and can find no one to lay the blame upon, he may twist the whole affair into a victory—*on paper*. It will not be the first time he has done this thing.

Since I commenced this letter, I have been out endeavoring to obtain a full list of the killed and wounded officers, but so far have been unable.

Knowing the deep anxiety felt in the United States by the families of all, this shall be my first care. The entire loss in Gen. Worth's division, out of some 1,800 or 2,000, that went into action, will not fall much short of 600. The dragoons and Gen. Cadwalader's brigade did not suffer so severely in comparison. What the next movement is to be no one knows, but it is thought the city will be attacked immediately.

Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

[We copy only parts of this letter.—*Liv. Age.*]

TACUBAYA, Sept. 9, 1847.

The above list is complete and perfect. There has been much difficulty in obtaining it, as nearly all the orderly sergeants and executive officers have been killed or wounded. The conduct of all the non-commissioned officers has been gallant and most conspicuous, while several of them behaved so nobly that they have been recommended for immediate promotion to Gen. Scott. Their names are Sergeants Benson, Wilson, and Robinson, of the 2d artillery; Sergeant Heck of the 3d artillery; Sergeants Updegraff, Farmer, Archer and Dally, of the 5th infantry; Sergeant Major Thompson of the 6th infantry; Sergeant Major Fink of the 8th infantry. I trust and hope that Gen. Scott will at once promote these brave fellows. More than half the officers in Gen. Worth's division have been struck down, either killed or wounded, in the actions of Churubusco and El Molino del Rey, and many of the companies have absolutely no one to command them.

No less than *nineteen* of the deserters, captured by Gens. Twiggs and Shields at Churubusco, have been found fully guilty, and are to be hung to-morrow morning. The miscreant Riley, who commanded them, escapes the punishment of death, as he proved that he deserted before the war. He has been sentenced, however, to be severely whipped, to be branded as well, and to wear a ball and chain in front of the army during the war! A deserter, taken among the prisoners at the Molino on the 8th, was summarily dealt with. It seems that he deserted from Monterey last fall, and a comrade who recognized him, to save the trouble of a court martial, at once pitched him into the mill flume and he was crushed to pieces by the wheel! Another batch of deserters, who have been undergoing a trial here in Tacubaya, will be hung in a day or two it is said. Most richly do they deserve their fate.

I may possibly send this letter off to-night by a Mexican, but it will depend upon whether there is a prospect of another battle to-morrow or next day. Matters are approaching a crisis, while the great mistake in not entering the capital on the night of the 20th, when the Mexicans were perfectly panic stricken and in full flight, is hourly developing itself. The great sacrifice of life yesterday—the loss of so many gallant spirits—has all been owing to the cessation of hostilities and the armistice which followed, and an awful responsibility rests either with the government or with Gen. Scott and Mr. Trist. The instructions will show, but I am of the opinion that the former is mostly to blame. The latter are censurable for placing faith in Mackintosh, in giving Santa Anna so much time, or even in having any reliance upon his power and ability to make peace under all the circumstances, however much he might have desired it personally. I will say nothing of the bribery—that dark side of the picture is un-

doubtedly the work of the exceedingly wise men at Washington. Bad advisers have been busy, both here and at home, in recommending measures to bring about a peace, and their counsels have prevailed to the exclusion of the opinions of men who might have been listened to with profit. I trust the experience of the past may prove a lesson for the future, and that by this time our rulers must see and feel that in order to bring about a peace with the Mexicans they must use hard blows instead of soft words.

Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 10, 1847.

We have accounts from Mexico, brought in by Frenchmen and other foreigners, to the effect that Santa Anna's loss at El Molino, was much more severe than any one here had anticipated. They say that during the afternoon of the 8th, no less than 1500 wounded men came into the city, while the number of killed was over 600. The slaughter from the batteries of Col. Duncan and Capt. Drum must have been terrific. Santa Anna, it is said, would have laid all the blame of the defeat upon Gen. Leon, but that officer, unfortunately for him, died. He has since torn the epaulettes from the shoulders of Col. Miguel Andrade, commander of the celebrated regiment of Hussars, accuses him of everything, has thrown him into prison, and denied him all communication. He must have some one to break out upon.

Everything looks quiet to-day, but the Mexicans are busily employed in fortifying at every point. At Chapultepec they can be seen at work, while they are also repairing the damage done at El Molino and other points on that line. On the Piedad road they have strong works, while at the Niño Perdido and San Antonio Abad entrances to the city they are also fortifying with the greatest vigor. Gen. Pillow's division, as also Col. Riley's brigade, attached to that of Gen. Twiggs, occupy the village of La Piedad and neighborhood, in plain sight, and in fact under the guns of the enemy. Gen. Worth remains here in Tacubaya, but he is sending all his sick and wounded to Mixcoac, out of the range of the guns of Chapultepec. No one knows what point will be first attacked, but this question will soon be determined. The next blow struck will be hard, and all hope decisive. It must read strange, the story that some 7 or 8000 men have set themselves down before a strongly fortified city of over 200,000 inhabitants, with an army of at least 25,000 men to defend it; but the tale is a true one, and the proud capital of Mexico must fall.

Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 11, 1847.

A small party of us have just returned from a ride over to La Piedad, the head-quarters of Gen. Pillow. Gen. Scott was there, as also were some of his principal officers, holding a council as to the best mode and point of attack. The result of their deliberations is not known, but it is thought that the infantry will have some respite after their hard labors, and that all the heavier cannon recently captured from the Mexicans will be employed in sending their own balls back at them. With their own guns, and those brought up by Gen. Scott, at least fifty pieces of heavy calibre can be opened at any one point—enough to demolish any work the Mexicans have constructed in time incredibly short, and give them a lesson they will not soon forget.

From the Puente del Hermita, which has been destroyed by the Mexicans, they can plainly be seen at work on several fortifications between the roads of San Angel and San Antonio de Abad. These works are but little more than half a mile from the city, which is also in plain view. Shortly after we left, the enemy opened with two of their heavy guns upon our pickets or engineers, and continued the fire for near an hour. I cannot learn that they did any injury. On our return to Tacubaya we found that Maj. Sumner and Col. Duncan had had a little brush with the enemy's lancers near the battle ground of El Molino. Capt. Ruff, with his company of mounted riflemen, drew a large party of the Mexican cavalry immediately within the range of one of Duncan's guns, when one or two discharges sent them scampering off in every direction. Only one man was wounded on our side, but it is known that the enemy lost several in the skirmish. They opened with one heavy gun from Chapultepec on our men, but did no harm other than frightening the inhabitants of this place half out of their wits.

Lieut. Burbank, who was mortally wounded at El Molino, died yesterday, and Capt. E. Kirby Smith this afternoon of wounds received at the same time. Lieut. Col. Dickinson, shot badly in the ankle at Churubusco, is also dead. All were gallant officers, and their loss is much regretted.

I have already mentioned the execution of nineteen of the deserters captured on the 20th August at Churubusco. Gen. Scott has just signed the death warrant of thirty others, taken at the same time, and they will suffer the same fate in the course of a day or two.

From various movements, there is certainly strong reasons to believe that Gen. Scott will open a heavy fire upon Chapultepec to-morrow morning, from not only his own siege guns but from those captured from the enemy. Whether it is a feint to draw the Mexicans to that point and weaken other defences, is not known. Yours, &c. G. W. K.

TACUBAYA, Sept. 12, 1847.

At early daylight this morning a heavy cannonade was opened upon the stronghold of Chapultepec, which was increased during the day as additional siege guns were placed in position. The Mexicans returned the fire with great spirit at intervals during the day, but with little effect other than dismounting one of our guns; I cannot learn that a man has been killed at any one of the batteries. Several of the voltigeurs, while skirmishing with the enemy's sharpshooters at the foot of Chapultepec, were wounded, but none of them severely. A 10½-inch mortar was opened upon the place during the afternoon, and as several shells have been seen to fall and explode directly within the enemy's works it is certain that great damage has been caused. A firing of heavy guns has also been heard in the direction of La Piedad, showing that the Mexicans have been diverted in that quarter.

At dusk this evening several loads of scaling ladders were sent down towards the foot of Chapultepec, and the movements of our infantry and other light corps would indicate that the strong works upon the crest are to be stormed early to-morrow. A large portion of the entire army will be brought to the struggle, and it is thought the contest will be terrible. I have little time to write.

Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 14, 1847.

Another victory, glorious in its results, and which has thrown additional lustre upon the American arms, has been achieved to-day by the army under Gen. Scott—the proud capital of Mexico has fallen into the power of a mere handful of men compared with the immense odds arrayed against them, and Santa Anna, instead of shedding his blood as he had promised, is wandering with the remnant of his army no one knows whither.

The apparently impregnable works on Chapultepec, after a desperate struggle, were triumphantly carried—Gens. Bravo and Monterde, besides a host of officers of different grades, taken prisoners; over 1000 non-commissioned officers and privates, all their cannon and ammunition, are in our hands; the fugitives were soon in full flight towards the different works which command the entrances to the city, and our men at once were in hot pursuit.

Gen. Quitman, supported by Gen. Smith's brigade, took the road by the Chapultepec aqueduct, towards the Belén gate and the Ciudadela; Gen. Worth, supported by Gen. Cadwalader's brigade, advanced by the San Cosme aqueduct towards the garita of that name. Both routes were cut up by ditches and defended by breastworks, barricades, and strong works of every description known to military science; yet the daring and impetuosity of our men overcame one defence after another, and by nightfall every work to the city's edge was carried. Gen. Quitman's command, after the rout at Chapultepec, was the first to encounter the enemy in force. Midway between the former and the Belén gate, Santa Anna had constructed a strong work; but this was at once vigorously assaulted by Gen. Quitman, and aided by a flank fire from two of Duncan's guns, which Gen. Worth had ordered to approach as near as possible from the San Cosme road, the enemy was again routed and in full flight. They again made a stand from their strong fortifications at and near the Belén garita, opening a tremendous fire not only of round shot, grape, and shell, but of musketry; yet boldly Gen. Quitman advanced, stormed and carried the works, although at great loss, and then every point on this side the city was in our possession. In this onslaught two of our bravest officers were killed—Capt. Drum and Lieut. Benjamin.

Meanwhile Gen. Worth was rapidly advancing upon San Cosme. At the English burying ground the enemy had constructed a strong work; it was defended by infantry for a short time, but could not resist the assault of our men. The affrighted Mexicans soon fled to another line of works nearer the city, and thus Gen. Worth was in possession of the entrance to San Cosme. As his men advanced towards the garita, the enemy opened a heavy fire of musketry from the house-tops, as well as of grape, cannister and shell from their batteries, thus sweeping the street completely. At this juncture the old Monterey game, of burrowing and digging through the houses, was adopted. On the right, as our men faced the enemy, the aqueduct afforded a partial shelter; on the left, the houses gave some protection; but many were still killed or wounded by the grape which swept every part, as well as by the shells which were continually bursting in every direction. About 3 o'clock the work of the pick-axe and the crow-bar, under the direction of Lieut. G. W. Smith, of the sappers and miners, had fairly commenced, and every minute brought our men nearer the enemy's last stronghold. In the mean time two mountain howitzers were fairly

lifted to the top of one of the houses and into the cupola of the church, from which they opened a plunging and most effective fire, while one of Duncan's guns, in charge of Lieut. Hunt, was run up under a galling fire to a deserted breastwork, and at once opened upon the garita. In this latter daring feat, four men out of eight were either killed or wounded, but still the piece was most effectively served. The work of the miners was still going on. In one house which they had entered by the pick-axe, a favorite aid of Santa Anna's was found. The great man had just fled, but had left his friend and his supper! Both were well cared for—the latter was devoured by our hungry officers; the former, after doing the honors of the table, was made a close prisoner. Just as dark was setting in, our men had dug and mined their way almost up to the very guns of the enemy, and now, after a short struggle, they were completely routed and driven with the loss of everything. The command of the city by the San Cosme route was attained.

During the night, Gen. Quitman commenced the work of throwing up breastworks and erecting batteries, with the intention of opening a heavy cannonade upon the Ciudadela with the first light this morning. At 10 o'clock at night Gen. Worth ordered Capt. Huger to bring up a 24-pounder and a 10-inch mortar to the garita or gate of San Cosme, and having ascertained the bearings and distance of the grand plaza and palace, at once opened upon those points. The heavy shells were heard to explode in the very heart of the city. At a little after midnight Major Palacios, accompanied by two or three members of the municipal council of the city, arrived at Gen. Worth's head-quarters, and in great trepidation informed him that Santa Anna and his grand army had fled, and that they wished at once to surrender the capital! They were referred to the commander-in-chief, and immediately started for Tacubaya; but in the mean time the firing upon the town ceased.

At 7 o'clock this morning Gen. Scott, with his staff, rode in and took quarters in the national palace, on the top of which the regimental flag of the gallant rifles and the stars and stripes were already flying. An immense crowd of blanketed léperos, the scum of the capital, were congregated in the plaza as the commander-in-chief entered it. They pressed upon our soldiers, and eyed them as though they were beings of another world. So much were they in the way, and with such eagerness did they press around, that Gen. Scott was compelled to order our dragoons to clear the plaza. They were told, however, not to injure or harm a man in the mob—they were all our friends!

About five minutes after this, and while Gen. Worth was returning to his division near the Alameda, he was fired upon from a house near the convent of San Francisco. Some of the cowardly Polkas, who had fled the day previous without discharging their guns, now commenced the assassin game of shooting at every one of our men they saw, from windows, as well as from behind the parapets on the azoteas or tops of the houses. In half an hour's time our good friends, the léperos, in the neighborhood of the hospital of San Andres and the church of Santa Clara, also commenced discharging muskets and throwing bottles and rocks from the azoteas. I have neglected to mention that just previous to this Col. Garland had been severely wounded by a musket, fired by some miscreant from a window.

For several hours this cowardly war upon our

men continued, and during this time many were killed or wounded. It was in this species of fighting that Lieut. Sidney Smith received his death wound. The division of Gen. Twiggs in one part of the city, and Gen. Worth in another, were soon actively engaged in putting down the insurrection. Orders were given to shoot every man in all the houses from which the firing came, while the guns of the different light batteries swept the streets in all directions. As the assassins were driven from one house they would take refuge in another; but by the middle of the afternoon they were all forced back to the barriers and suburbs. Many innocent persons have doubtless been killed during the day, but this could not be avoided. Had orders been given at the outset to blow up and demolish every house or church from which one man was fired upon, the disturbances would have been at once quelled. As it is, I trust that the lesson the rabble and their mischievous leaders have received to-day may deter them from future outrages.

On entering the palace Gen. Scott at once named Gen. Quitman governor of Mexico—a most excellent appointment. Some wag immediately proclaimed aloud in the plaza as follows: “Gen. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, has been appointed governor of Mexico, *vice* Gen. José María Tornel, resigned—*very suddenly!*” It seems that the valiant Tornel ran off at an early hour, and his magnificent house has been converted into a hospital for our wounded officers.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 17, 1847.

The capital is now quiet enough, and although the inhabitants say but little, they are probably not altogether contented with their new masters. They say that the Lord and Santa Anna are to blame for all their misfortunes: their own lack of prowess and courage is not thought of. They say that Providence withheld the rains and gave the Yankees fair weather for their operations, while Santa Anna deserted them in their extremity, and gave up the city without even making terms for them. The latter has gone no one knows whither. Some contend that he is on his way to the coast, with the intention of leaving the country; others say that he has gone towards Querétaro; while many think that he is lurking about Guadalupe or San Christobal, within a few miles of this, yet with only a small force of cavalry at his command. His wife, who has been living all the while at the house of his particular friend Mackintosh, has gone out in the direction of San Christobal in search of him. Santa Anna, just before he left the city, grossly insulted Gen. Terres, who commanded at the Belén gate, for deserting his post. It is also said that he has quarrelled with Lombardini. These are old tricks of the tyrant—throwing the blame upon others to cover his own shameless conduct. * * *

The Mexican loss it is impossible to ascertain, but it has been immense. Among the killed at Chapultepec were Gen. Juan Nepomucuno Perez, Col. Juan Cano, a distinguished officer of engineers, and Lieut. Lucian Calvo, one of Gen. Bravo's aids. Gen. Saldaña was badly wounded, as were many other distinguished officers. Five generals, three colonels, seven lieutenant-colonels, and near one hundred majors, captains, and lieutenants, were taken prisoners, together with eight hundred or more rank and file. At the garitas of Belén and San Cosme many officers were killed or wounded, but their names are not known.

The total number of deserters hung at San Angel and Mixcoac was *fifty*, and well did they deserve their fate. Thirty of them were hung at Mixcoac on the morning of the 13th. They were compelled to stand upon the gallows until the flag they had deserted was flying from Chapultepec, and were then all swung off at the same time. Not one of them complained that his fate was undeserved.

It is no time now to mention the hundreds of cases of individual gallantry noticed at the different battles, but I cannot help paying a passing compliment to the noted chaplain, Parson McCarty, as he is called by all. The worthy man was seen in all parts, and where the danger was greatest, comforting the wounded and exhorting the wavering to press forward, and all the time regardless of his own safety. No man exerted himself more to ensure a victory, no man is more entitled to special commendation.

We are still without any positive or definite information as regards Santa Anna's great army, but all agree that it is disorganized and broken up. There is a report that Gen. Herrera has reached Querétaro with four thousand men in a body, but it requires confirmation.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 20, 1847.

All our wounded have been brought in from Mixcoac and other places, and have been made as comfortable as circumstances would admit. Chapultepec is still held by our troops, but all the other points have been deserted, and the main body of the men are quartered within the limits of the city.

Gen. Bravo's official report of the loss of Chapultepec has been published in a Toluca paper. He blames Santa Anna for not sending him reinforcements as he requested, materially underrates his own force, and accuses one of his engineer officers, Aleman, who had charge of the different mines on the hill sides, with being absent at the critical moment when by springing them the fate of the day might have been changed. If possible, I will send on his report.

In the same paper, we see it stated that Santa Anna has renounced the presidency of the republic, and in this juncture names Don Emanuel Peña y Peña, chief justice of the supreme court of Mexico, as his constitutional successor. Peña y Peña is at a hacienda of his close by, is a lawyer of great standing, and may possibly assume the reins of power in the present crisis. It is hardly probable that he will retain them, however. In the present distracted state of the country no one can expect to hold them long.

We hear but little, one way or the other, as to what the Mexicans intend to do in future—whether they are for peace or a continuance of the war. In fact, it is hardly time for them, after their recent disastrous discomfitures, to think of anything. Everything will now depend upon our own government. If the nonsensical soothing system is continued—if another dose of magnanimity is to follow the hard blows which have lost us so many lives—the war will be spun out until doomsday. On the contrary, if a rigorous system is at once adopted, if men and means are poured into the country, and the rulers of Mexico are for once made to believe that we are in earnest, six months will suffice to make them sue for peace. Heretofore, the propositions, with a stretch of magnanimity positively

ridiculous, have all come from our side, and we all know with what contumely and insult they have been treated.

Speaking of sending men and means to Mexico, do the people of the United States know the real force which has achieved the recent glorious triumphs here in the valley of this proud republic? I have not seen the paper, but I have been told that a recent number of the Union states that when Gen. Scott would reach the vicinity of Mexico, his army would number 22,000 effective men. If such a statement has been made, one more false or ungenerous could not have been promulgated. Gen. Scott arrived on this side the mountains with a fraction over 10,000 men, of which number at least 4,000 were new recruits. Of this force, so insignificant when compared with the magnitude of the enterprise, at least 1,000 were on the sick list before a blow was struck. With a disposable army, then, of 9,000—not a man more—the bold attempt was made to reduce a populous and well-fortified city, and after a succession of hard-fought battles the result is known. The 12,000 paper men, then, manufactured at Washington by Gens. Marcy, Jones and Co., must remain where they have been during all the recent struggles—either unenlisted, in hospitals, or *in transitu*—and not detract from such merit as has been gained by the 10,000 true men, who have borne the battle's brunt and won such laurels for their country. To them all honor and credit is due, and I will procure the muster roll of every regiment that passed the *Vente de Cordova* if it should be necessary to prove my statement as to their actual number.

Gen. Terres, who commanded at the Belén gate, has come out with a report of the part taken by himself and command on the 13th. It is pretty much the same old story. He complains that he had not men enough; says that those he did have fought with determination, bravery, and enthusiasm; intimates that he sent for reinforcements, at a juncture when the tide of battle might have been turned against Gen. Quitman, which were refused, and finally openly accuses Gen. Pedrigo Garay, who commanded his reserve, with running off without firing a gun, or rendering him the least assistance. He himself speaks of the gross insult bestowed upon him by Santa Anna after the battle—an insult, he says, that he could not resent. We now have the reports of Bravo, who commanded at Chapultepec, and of Terres, who commanded at the Belén gate: Santa Anna and Gen. Rangel were both of them at the San Cosme gate, and it remains to be seen what frivolous excuse they will make for their disgraceful defeat. Of course the blame will not rest on their illustrious shoulders.

The "American Star," published by Peoples & Barnard, made its appearance to-day in neat form, and the talk is that another new paper, the "North American," is to come out in the course of the week. Meanwhile, the city is rapidly becoming Americanized. From every quarter, starting in the largest capitals, we see such announcements as "Union Hotel," "Mush and Milk at all Hours," "American Dry Goods," "United States Restaurant," "St. Charles Exchange," "Egg-Nogg and Mince Pies for Sale Here," and other kindred notices to the passer-by as to where he can be served on home principles. Nor is there to be any lack of amusements, for already the posters announce a bull-fight, a circus, a theatre, and even an Italian opera, as shortly to be produced. We are a great people.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 24, 1847.

Among other rumors, we hear to-day that there has been a coalition of some of the states north of this, that Señor Cosío has been appointed president, that 12,000 men are immediately to be raised and organized to carry on the war with vigor, and, to make them effective, \$1,000,000 is to be levied. Bustamente and Paredes are to command the army, as the story goes, while Santa Anna has leave to retire from public service and from the country if he sees fit. Another report current would make us believe that the Mexican congress is shortly to assemble at Querétaro, and that the peace question is to be talked over with Mr. Trist in real earnest. These are all but mere rumors.

Speaking of Mr. Trist reminds me of a story current on the 13th. It is said that shortly after Chapultepec was carried, that gentleman rode up the height, and on being recognized by a gallant Irish soldier, the latter accosted him with, "I say, sir, it's a beautiful thraty we've made wid 'em to-day, sir!" The story is worth relating at all events.

Although all appears quiet on the face of the city, assassinations are still frequent. Our men are led off to drinking-houses in the by-streets and in the suburbs, are plied with liquor until they become intoxicated, and are then stabbed. Nor will this cowardly system be put down until each house where a murder is committed is razed, and exemplary justice dealt out to all its inmates. It has come to the knowledge of the authorities that knives and dirks have been recently distributed to the horde of thieves and murderers liberated by Santa Anna on the night he fled from the capital, and with no other intention than that they might do the work in the dark he had not the courage to perform in open day. By an order issued by Gen. Scott, it would seem that active measures have been taken to ferret out the assassins, and also the miscreants who have set them on to murder.

Not a little joy has been manifested by all at the arrival here of the American prisoners—Capts. Clay, Heady, and Smith, Lieuts. Churchill, Davidson, and Barbour, and sixteen privates—who have recently been confined at Toluca. It seems that they were released by the governor, Olaguibel, on his own responsibility, they promising that the same number of Mexican prisoners, and of equal rank, should be delivered up to him. Those officers who refused to give their parole when all were ordered to Toluca, and who afterwards escaped, have performed active service here in the different battles. Major Gaines has been serving on the staff of Gen. Scott, Midshipman Rogers on that of Gen. Pillow, Major Borland on that of Gen. Worth, and Capt. Danley on that of Gen. Quitman. The latter was severely wounded on the 13th, but will recover.

Among the papers captured at the palace—for in his haste to run Santa Anna left almost everything—were many rich and at the same time most valuable documents. Among them are two letters, one written by Rejon to Santa Anna, and dated at Querétaro on the 29th August, with the answer of the latter, dated here in Mexico on the 31st. In brief, Rejon informs his friend that he has learned with pain that negotiations for peace have been entered into, an act offensive to the army and humiliating to the republic. He contends that the war ought to be prosecuted, and that if the capital cannot be saved, like Puebla it must be abandoned, while the withdrawn troops must contend with the enemy as best they can. Resources, he says, will not be

wanting, as the states, with the slightest encouragement, will supply them. He contends that peace will destroy Santa Anna, while war will ever crown him with honor and glory if he but carries it on without truce and with energy. In Querétaro, Rejon continues, the disgust was general when they first heard of the sad negotiations, [*furestas negociaciones*,] and on the morning previous to the date of his letter a courier passed through from Toluca with communications arousing the states against any authority that should make peace at the capital. Rejon finishes his letter as follows: "With the frankness of a friend I inform you that I am committed to this course. Continue the war, and I will perish by your side!"

In answer to all this, Santa Anna says that he learns with bitter regret the charges which have been made against the government for the course it has pursued. He urges that Gen. Scott solicited an armistice, [he does not say what Mackintosh came out for after the battle of Churubusco,] in order that Mr. Trist might be heard, which solicitation he granted, "*because the suspension of hostilities would give his troops rest, reestablish their morale, and give him an opportunity to collect the dispersed and enable him to adopt other measures to ensure a reaction!*" These are Santa Anna's own words. I have not time or space at present to give you the whole of his answer to Rejon, but will procure it for some future period. I have thought all along the "well-merited" of his country really desired peace, reasoning the while that he was to be well paid for it, and that he knew he must be defeated again, in the event of another battle; but I now begin to have some misgivings that he was humbugging us all the time. If he really had Mr. Buchanan's ultimatum to Mr. Trist in his pocket, as has been stated, he well knew that there was no earthly chance for an amicable result to the negotiations. Let his real intentions, however, have been what they may, self was at the bottom, and his poor country unthought of. To show the man's avarice, I have been told by those who know Mexican affairs well, that since Mr. Polk allowed him to return from Havana, he has contrived to pick and steal nearly a million of dollars, which is all safely placed in the hands of his foreign agents or friends.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 26, 1847.

Assassinations continue. No less than ten murdered soldiers were found this morning in the vicinity of the quarter of San Peblo, and eight on the previous day. The fault lies partially with our own men, who straggle from their quarters and get intoxicated at the first *pulqueria* or grog shop; yet the fact that even in this state they are set upon by gangs of armed ruffians shows that a feeling of revenge and deep hatred obtains against us; and the frequency of the murders would prove that a regular system of assassination has been organized, the wire-workers very likely some of the priests and leading men.

One great reason for this is the almost insignificant force under the command of Gen. Scott. True, he has had enough to achieve victories and capture the city of Mexico, and for this reason many may think that he has sufficient men. But such is not the case. The very smallness of our army is more degrading to the pride of the Mexicans than any defeat that has befallen them. Had an army respectable in numbers, compared with the enterprise undertaken and accomplished, entered the

valley of Mexico, the smartings of discomfiture would have been alleviated by the evidence that they had not been beaten so shamefully by a body of men so inferior in numbers to their own grand army. Nor will they think of peace until forced to it by an army so large that there will at least be some merit in succumbing in the eyes of the world. Rigorous measures, too, must be adopted, for any one who runs may read that if the *quasi* war heretofore carried on is continued, it will be prolonged until the causes which brought it on are forgotten.

Bring the matter home for a moment. Supposing that an army composed of 9,000 of the picked men of Christendom should set themselves down before New Orleans, a city of but little over half the size of Mexico, and that we had 25,000 soldiers and strong fortifications to defend it—how could we reconcile the entrance of the former into our streets and squares as conquerors? Of course I am supposing an impossibility, but there is not a citizen between Faubourg Marigny and Carrollton but will at once see and feel the degrading position in which the Mexicans are placed, and will hardly blame them for continuing a contest even against every semblance of hope. But let an army of 50,000 men be placed upon the line between this city and Vera Cruz, let the communications be kept thoroughly open, and let the inhabitants here be made to know and feel that our intention is to compel them to sue for terms, and there will then be an excuse for them, which in their eyes will hold with the nations of the earth, to come to an amicable arrangement. At present all the territory we possess in Mexico is comprised within the range of our guns. This we can have and can hold, against any force the enemy can bring; but until our army is increased to a size sufficient to command the territory on our line of operations, we can have no peace. The Mexicans are now bewildered, not subjected; they think there has been some grand mistake in all that has occurred. Their own inferiority and lack of military skill they do not take into the scale—they believe that for a space Providence has forsaken them—and thus believing, they will continue to preach war without truce against the North Americans, and honestly think they will in the end come out victorious. Nor can their eyes be opened until they see that we have men and means at our hands sufficient to overrun their country at will. Hastily I have scratched off a few speculations as regards the future conduct of the war—they may be of no service, but still are my honest convictions. We must either hold this line with a force sufficient to awe the enemy, or else retire from it altogether; and the sooner our government bestirs itself the better.

In my last I stated that Col. McIntosh was sinking under his wounds—that brave officer died last night and is to be buried to-morrow with all military honors. He fell pierced by two balls while gallantly leading his men to attack the Casa Mata on the 8th September, and his system, suffering under wounds received in former battles, was not able to overcome the shock.

Yours, &c. G. W. K.

CITY OF MEXICO, Sept. 28, 1847.

We have rumors without number from Puebla to-day. One is that Santa Anna has been killed in an encounter with Col. Childs in the vicinity of that city; another story would make us believe that he has been taken prisoner, after defending himself for sometime at the paper mill called La Constanca, in the neighborhood of Puebla. The accounts say

that Col. Childs was reinforced by Maj. Lally, and that he immediately entered the city, drove out the guerilleros and surrounded the mill above named. What credit to place in these rumors I know not; but if Santa Anna is really a prisoner, it has been intentional—he has given himself up. If he has been killed, it has been what the Mexicans would term one *casualidad*, a sheer accident, for no such intention ever entered his head.

As a prisoner, Santa Anna knows perfectly well that he can humbug Mr. Polk with ease, and all his friends besides. We shall know the whole truth of the matter in the course of a day or two.

It is said that the Mexican congress is to assemble at Querétaro, on the 5th of October—next week—and that Peña y Peña has gone out to be installed as the acting president. I have heard Mexicans say that the body has many members who will deliberate manfully and seriously in favor of peace; but my opinion is, that a majority of them will talk of little save honor, and ditches, and glory, and last extremities, and ruins, and of being buried under them, and kindred nonsense. Some of them may be bribed, or hired, to espouse the peace side. We shall see.

Rejon, in his letters to Santa Anna, told him that if he would continue the war, he would perish by his side; but they say that when the armistice was broken, he remained at Querétaro and forgot all about fighting. Valiant man is Manuel Crescencio Rejon! but he has a prudent way of manifesting it in the hour of peril.

Paredes was here in the city a few days since, without followers, and has gone north, perhaps towards Guadalupe, his old and favorite ground, to stir and influence the minds of the people against the Yankees, and try his hand against them. He is, no doubt, one of the bravest and best generals Mexico has ever produced.

Gomez Farias is at Querétaro, but we do not hear what he is doing. Gen. Herrera is also there, and if any leading man in Mexico is in favor of peace, he is the one. His influence, however, is confined almost entirely to the *moderados*.

Mr. Wells, the partner of Hart in the army theatre, died here a day or two since. He may be recollected in the United States, not only as a pantomimist, but as a dancer and actor of some distinction. Capt. Pemberton Waddell, of one of the new regiments of infantry, is also dead. The wound of Gen. Shields, although painful, is improving. A musket ball struck him in the left arm at the storming of Chapultepec, but binding a handkerchief round it he continued with his men until everything was calmed. Gen. Pillow has almost entirely recovered. Since commencing this I have heard another rumor to the effect that Alvarez and the congress of Puebla have risen upon Santa Anna and put him to death. This can hardly be credited. Alvarez is doubtless in that direction. He took especial good care to keep himself and his pintos out of harm's way during the recent struggles in this vicinity.

The loss in the different divisions in the storming of Chapultepec and capture of the city on the 13th is as follows: In that of Gen. Quitman about 300, in that of Gen. Twiggs 268, in that of Gen. Pillow 142, in that of Gen. Worth 138. Owing to his previous heavy loss the latter only had about 1000 men engaged in the last battles. As I know it will be of great interest to their friends, before closing this letter I will state that the wounds of almost all the officers are doing well. I can speak

positively of Col. Garland, Majors Wade, Waite, Loring and Gladden, of Capts. Mason, Walker, Danley, and of Lieuts. Foster, Shackelford, Selden and Lugenbeel, and I mention them as being some of the most severely wounded.

I send you a few papers and documents of interest, which, I trust, will reach safely. Had I an opportunity, I could furnish you with a volume of letters, papers, &c., all found in the palace and other places, which would be a rare treat to our readers. You shall have them all in good time. I send you a species of diary, from the 30th August up to this date, in the shape of letters, written from day to day. In the main, I believe I was correct in my surmises, although not always right. I write in great haste, as the courier is just starting.

Yours, &c.

G. W. K.

SANTA ANNA AND HIS DESIGNS.

THE position of Gen. Santa Anna is certainly a very anomalous one. Notwithstanding his great capacity, his unsurpassed energy, and his thorough knowledge of his countrymen and the best modes of controlling and directing their feelings, he has but a slight hold upon their affections or their respect. He is cordially hated by a large class of the best citizens of Mexico, and by the great mass his intentions are looked upon with constant suspicion. Hence the necessity for the continual efforts Santa Anna is compelled to make to disarm their suspicions, to impress them with his disinterestedness, and his entire freedom from ambitious views and tyrannical designs. His late resignation of the presidency of Mexico we look upon as an act of this nature—dictated in fact by no sense of patriotism, but by a selfish calculation of his own personal interests. There is nothing very enviable in the exercise of political authority in Mexico just at this moment. Dark and dismal is the prospect for a statesman there. If he be a true patriot, he has all the prejudices of his countrymen to oppose. There is hardly a chance for him to restore to the nation the blessings of peace, embittered as are all classes against us. But times of danger and difficulty are not the moment for a true lover of his country to shrink from responsibilities, from braving public opinion, from perilling personal interests and aims for his country's good. Santa Anna is precisely the man thus to shirk his duty. He found his popularity diminishing, his enemies denouncing him as a coward and a traitor, his best friends suspecting his intentions, and his power to control congress gone. He resigns his office. His ample authority is devolved upon an eminent civilian, who can hardly be suited for a crisis in public affairs like the present. Whatever odium may fall upon the government for not warding off the distresses which are now sure to be visited upon Mexico, Santa Anna will escape. Retaining his command in the army, and his hold upon the soldiery, he will await the course of events. The public clamor aroused by his continued reverses will ere long die away, or be diverted against the man who may chance to hold power when the United States turn upon Mexico their full energies. As affairs grow more and more desperate, and the necessity is felt of having a man of energy to direct them becomes more apparent, Santa Anna hopes to be again called to the helm; but he is not the man to resume power until the want of a vigorous leader is felt so deeply that it will assure him a controlling and paramount influence over the destinies of the country.

Santa Anna has the weakness to fancy that in the elements of his character he bears a strong resemblance to Napoleon. He has had the audacity to avow this in various forms more or less disguised. He studies to imitate the emperor in his outward acts, and it would hardly surprise us if in his late resignation, upon the close of a campaign which had been totally disastrous for him, he imagined he was running yet further the parallel with his great master in the art of war. He is quite capable of this weakness, and we shall be surprised if we do not find him in after years dwelling upon the events of Churubusco, Contreras, Chapultepec, &c., as Napoleon may have reviewed the series of unparalleled exploits on his own part which preceded his first abdication.

As to Santa Anna's designs, it is somewhat singular that it should have been so generally believed in the city of Mexico, in Vera Cruz, in Tampico and by some here, that he intended to escape to a foreign country. From Tampico they write that Central America is to be his place of refuge; from Vera Cruz the story came that he designed embarking or had embarked upon the British steamer of the 1st inst. in disguise; while in the city of Mexico the most current report was that he was making his way to Tehuantepec, thence to escape from the country. All agree that he was bent upon leaving Mexico. Yet we put no confidence in any of these rumors, nor in the imputed intentions of Santa Anna. We believe he will remain in Mexico so long as he may do so with personal safety. He thirsts for power and for money. Avarice and ambition are the ruling elements in his character. There is no country where an unscrupulous public servant can speculate with such impunity as in Mexico, and the promptings of his ambition must lead him to remain close at hand, to take advantage of

any favorable turn of affairs. Could he perform one successful and brilliant military achievement, his countrymen would be ready to deify him. This he can hardly expect to do, but there is nothing which may not be effected in Mexico by the arts of intrigue which Santa Anna possesses in remarkable perfection. He seems to us vastly superior to all his countrymen in energy and ability, and where these qualities are so much required as in Mexico, a very long period can hardly elapse before we see him again reinstated in the exercise of the supreme power of the state and more absolute than ever.—*Picayune*.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Landreth's Rural Register and Almanac, for 1848, has already had the great sale of more than twenty thousand copies. It contains notices of valuable Fruits; Kitchen Garden; Flower Garden; Live Stock; Farming Utensils; new Improvements; a Calendar, &c. &c. We congratulate our old friend on so good a book. Its cost is small, but we do not know *how* small.

Messrs. C. S. Francis, & Co. have completed their neat Edition of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment.

Ewbank's Hydraulics and Mechanics is coming out in numbers, at 25 cents, from Messrs. Greeley & M'Elrath, New York. In addition to its obvious utility, it contains so much curious and entertaining matter, that, odd as it seems, it is quite a book of amusement.

Messrs. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln regularly continue the beautiful reprint of Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. The character of this excellent work is truly contained in the title.

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